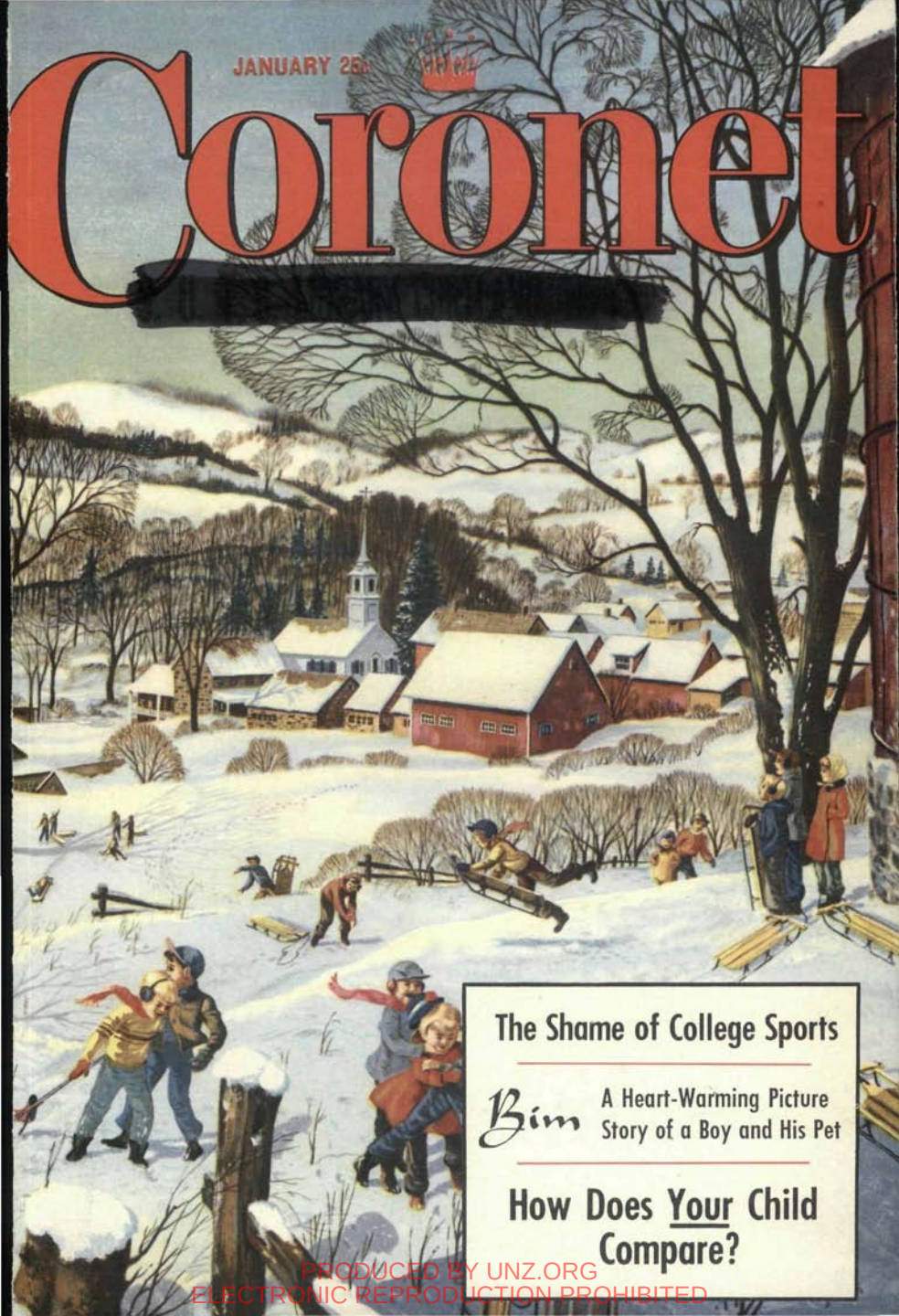
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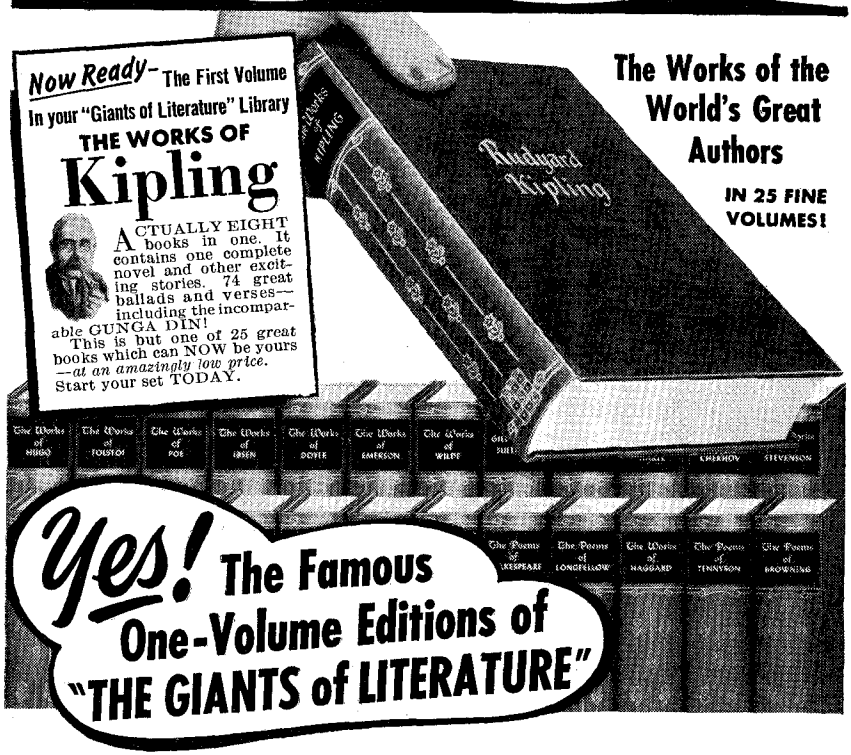
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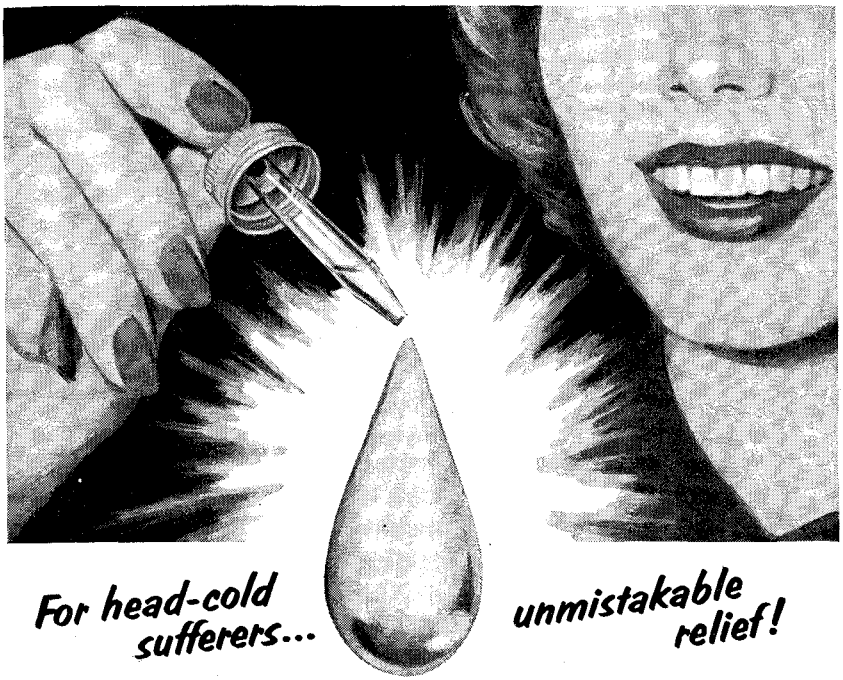

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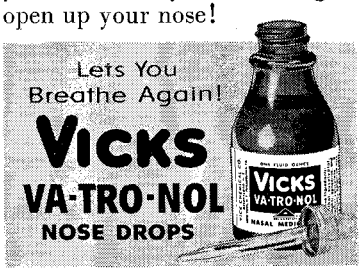

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Dear Reader:

Have you ever wondered how a magazine story is born? Actually, the magic is quite matter-of-fact, being essentially a matter of a dual curiosity—of our writers and ourselves—about the drama that lives around us. A good writer is humbly attuned to the wonder of existence; he finds his story anywhere. Take, for instance, Henry Morton Robinson, the distinguished author. (His novel "The Cardinal" was one of the great best-sellers of this decade.) Driving along a country road one day, he stopped short: there, before him, almost hidden in thick underbrush, was a sign, "Violin Maker." He was intrigued. What kind of a man was this who built violins in the wilderness? The results of his curiosity you'll find on Page 134, in "Stradivari of the Catskills," a story we are delighted to publish. Sometimes, however, the seeds of an article idea sprout right in these offices. Not long ago one of our editors, bemusedly thumbing through a newspaper, found a brief paragraph about a gaunt Indian visionary who, clothed in loincloth and robe, walked across India begging the rich to share their land with the poor. Our editor caught fire. Wasn't this as inspiring as it was quixotic in our modern, material world? How successful was his mission? That afternoon a cable was dispatched to A. M. Rosenthal, *The New York Times* correspondent in New Delhi, India, a newspaperman whose correspondence is admired for its accuracy and depth. You will find Mr. Rosenthal's memorable pen-picture of Vinoba Bhave on Page 30, "The Story of a Saint."

Artist of the Catskills

Saint of India

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The Editors

CORONET is published monthly by Esquire, Inc., 65 E. South Water St., Chicago 1, Ill. Printed in U. S. Entered as 2nd class matter at Chicago, Ill., Oct. 14, 1936, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as 2nd class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. **Postmaster:** Send Form 3579 to CORONET, Coronet Building, Boulder, Colo. **Subscription Rates:** $3.00 per year in advance, $5.00 for two years.

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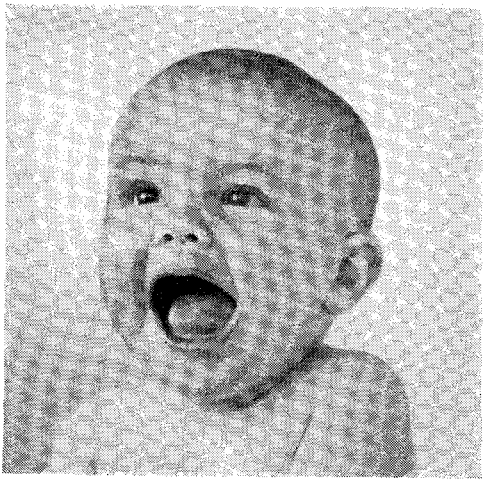

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MOVIES

Virile Welshman

Britain's Burton Cues New Film Trend

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX is, as one studio worker put it recently, "veddy British these days." Leading the field in a new Hollywood trend—importing the world's best talent—the studio's foreign-flavor comes from Jean Simmons, James Mason, Michael Rennie, Joan Collins and Dana Wynter. To American audiences, a growing favorite is Richard Burton, seen this month in two multi-million-dollar productions, *The Rains of Ranchipur* (Fox) and *Alexander the Great* (U. A.)

Propelled to stardom in a handful of pictures (*My Cousin Rachel, The Robe, Prince of Players*), Burton can thank his assets: a resonant voice and a virile, intense presence. His liabilities: pockmarks which theatrical makeup cannot hide and a deserved reputation as the worst-dressed man on two continents ("They call me Britain's Brando").

This 30-year-old son of a Welsh coal miner, endowed with a wry, quick wit, laughs at his struggles and himself ("My family all married above themselves. We could hardly have done otherwise") but is dead serious about his work. Each year he joins London's celebrated Old Vic company to play Shakespearean roles—*Othello* this winter—at $133 a week, a sharp drop from his $100,000-a-picture salary.

With stiff taxes to pay in two countries, Burton rents a house in California, borrows cars and spends as little as possible (he once boasted of free-loading at the Fox commissary for two months running). At parties, given an audience, Burton will recite poetry, enact a Shakespearean scene or sing Welsh songs until 5 a.m. A strong baritone, he hankers to do a musical one day.

Although happily married to a spirited, prematurely-grey Welsh girl—whom he met seven years ago on a London movie set—Burton courts Hollywood gossip by his flirtations. "Never trust a Welshman," he says with a sly wink, "they gave the word *welsh* to the world." But his sardonic remarks can't hide his affection for his wife, his 10 brothers and sisters, and his 82-year-old father ("He's never seen me in movies. The cinema is 15 miles away and there are 13 pubs on the way"). Wildly impulsive, Burton once pinched Greta Garbo's knee at a party, "so I could confound my sister Cecilia in my next letter."

(Continued on page 12)

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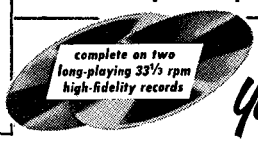

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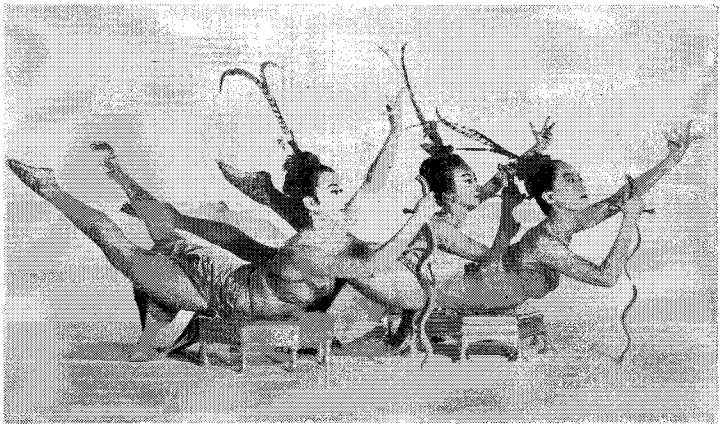

KISMET (*MGM*) glows with color and glitter, an eye-filling holiday package of tuneful Borodin music, delightful Jack Cole choreography and a tongue-in-cheek plot. Dolores Gray spoofs the entire proceedings masterfully, aided broadly by Howard Keel and attractively by Ann Blyth. Vic Damone works hard, but plays the young monarch with all the grace of a stable boy.

THE COURT-MARTIAL OF BILLY MITCHELL (*Warners*) spotlights a man whose vision stretched far beyond his time. Crusading for a strong air force, General Mitchell (tautly acted by Gary Cooper) forced the trial to publicize America's weak spot. Ralph Bellamy, Charles Bickford, Rod Steiger and a dynamic newcomer, Jack Lord, add solid support.—MARK NICHOLS

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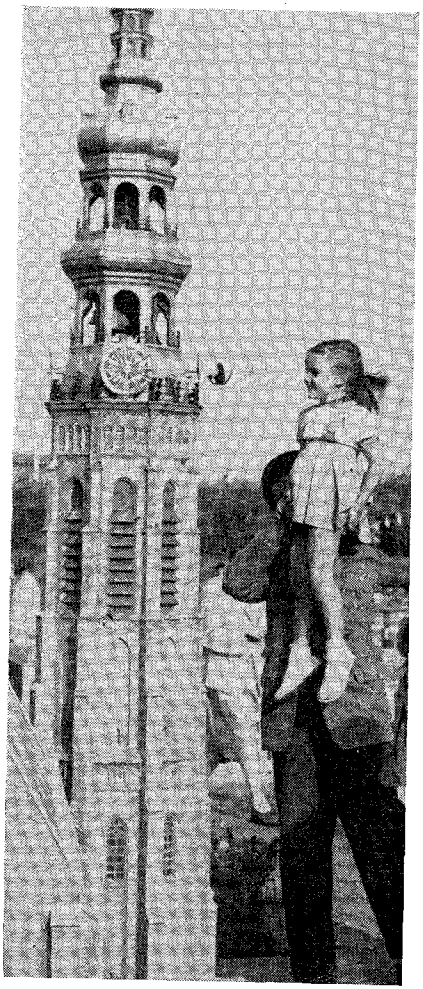
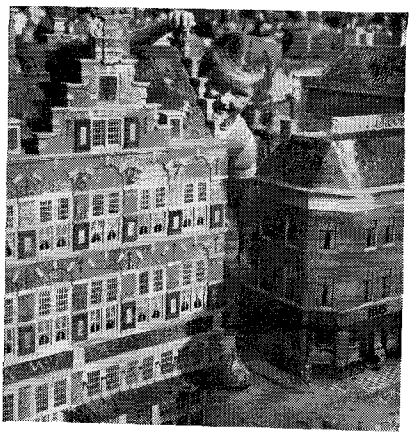
tiny town...



THUMBELINA and Tinkerbell would feel happily at home in Lilliputian Madurodam in The Hague in Holland. The toy village, built to a 1:25 scale, was created as a memorial to George Maduro, a student in Holland who fought the Nazis during World War II. Madurodam is a children's delight that contains, among other things, houses, factories, public buildings, an airport and even a harbor. The buildings are made up of authentic reproductions of the periods and styles of Dutch architecture of the last 1000 years.

The doll town's carillon gets a close-up, shoulder-high examination from this delighted Dutch child. The bells in the tower peal throughout the day.



With buildings but a twenty-fifth their real-life size, playing peek-a-boo about the rooftops is no difficulty for youngsters visiting the Lilliputian village.

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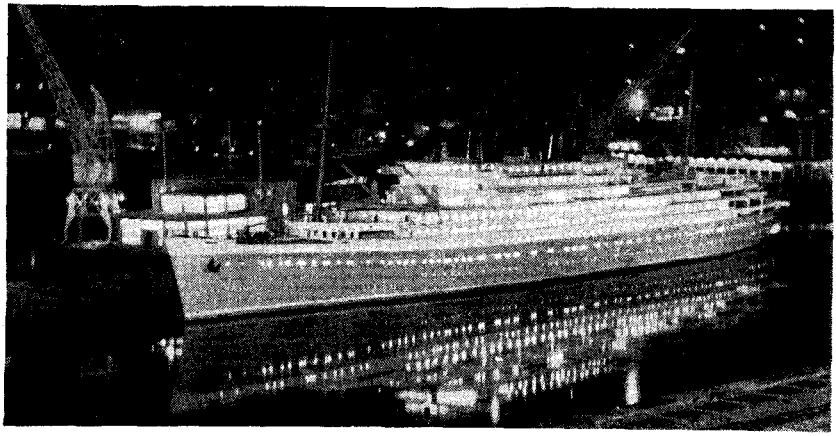
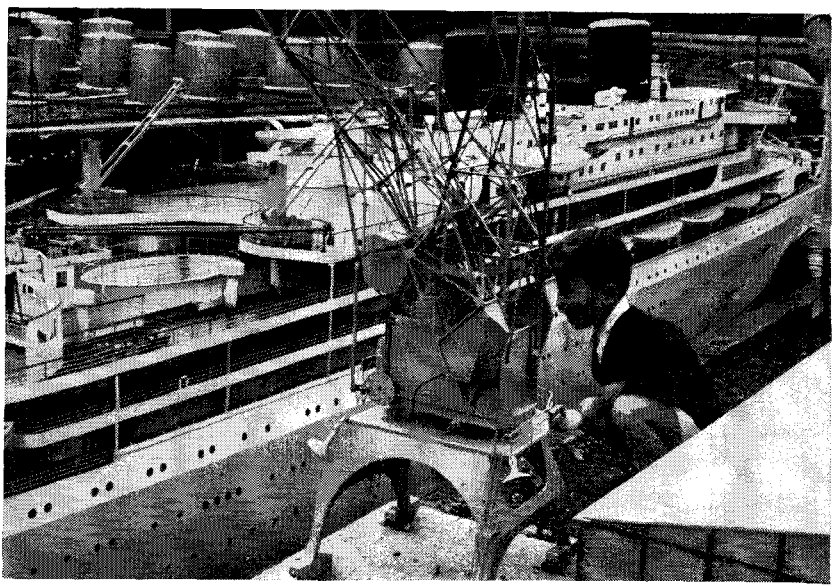


Ship lights brightly pole through the darkness of Madurodam's quiet harbour.



The same ship in daylight is carefully examined by an excited lad seen squatting amidst dockside warehouses, cranes, and storage tanks. The Dutch, sparing no effort, have lavished infinite care and loving patience to recreate in miniature every facet of an authentic shipping center in the Netherlands.

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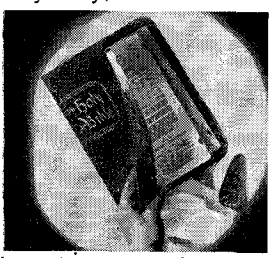
HOW WIDE IS THIS PAGE?

Go ahead, guess. Is it six inches? Seven? Five? How can you know? You can't — until you take a ruler and measure it.

How can you come to agreement with the millions of other readers who guess the width of this page? Only by using the same ruler! Guesses or opinions may vary, but truth is the same everywhere.



Let us apply this simple principle to religion. Think of all the confusing, contradictory opinions (guesses) about such vital questions as these: How does one become a Christian? How should we worship God? Where? When? How should we live? What happens when we die? Yes, there are millions of opinions. Obviously, we need a dependable ruler to establish the truth and bring about unity!

That "ruler" in religion is the Bible, *God's Word.* The Bible is the one book that speaks for God today. *It came from God!* "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." 2 *Peter* 1:21. The Bible is an inspired message from a wise personal God to intelligent human beings. It *is non-denominational and designed for all men!* Through the ages countless searchers for truth have thrilled to its exalted teachings of God and man. "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." *Psalms* 119:105.

The crying need of our day is to go back to the Bible, God's "ruler." The Bible says, "All scripture is given by inspiration of God; and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." 2 *Timothy* 3:16,17.

The use of this divine "rule of faith" will bring about the unity which Christ so devoutly desired when he prayed for his disciples "that they may all be one . . . that the world may believe that thou hast sent me." *John* 17:21. After nearly 70 generations, Christianity is still unknown to millions. Truly, "The price of a divided Christendom is an unbelieving world."

But how can the Bible, God's "ruler," bring unity? Here is an example: Men teach a thousand different ways of personal salvation. Each man stoutly holds to his own opinion or guess. We cannot agree on any *man's opinion.* Let us get out the "ruler" and see what Jesus Christ says: "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the father, but by me." *John* 14:6. Can we not all abide by this clear statement?

Division in the religious world abounds because there is such an ap-

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palling ignorance of God's Word. Jesus said: "Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God." *Matthew* 22:29. Let's study our Bible for ourselves and test all men's opinions by God's "ruler." "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly *dividing* the word of truth." 2 *Timothy* 2:15.

The Bible is essentially *one* book which falls into *two* major parts, the *Old and New Testaments.* The Old Testament is a history of God's dealings with man *before Christ,* "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in times past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son." *Hebrews* 1:1. God's message through His Son is recorded in the New Testament. *Here is the place to find God's will for you in this Christian age!*

In the first four books of the New Testament, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, we find the life of Christ "written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God . . ." *John* 20:31.

In the fifth book, Acts of the Apostles, we are told what believers are to do to be saved: "Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ *for the remission of sins . . .*" *Acts* 2:38.

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The next 21 books from Romans through Jude teach Christians how to live in the church, the body of Christ. The last book, Revelation, pictures the glorious triumph of the church.

No man has the authority to change the Word of God. "If any man speak let him speak as the oracles of God." 1 *Peter* 4:11. 2 *John* 9.

Let's get back to the Bible! Let's make it our only standard of faith and practice!

If you would like to know more of the powerful movement spreading across this nation and the world, to unite all believers in Christ through the restoration of pure New Testament Christianity, write for the valuable booklet, "Understanding the Bible." Your free copy will be sent in a plain wrapper. It will help you understand your own Bible.

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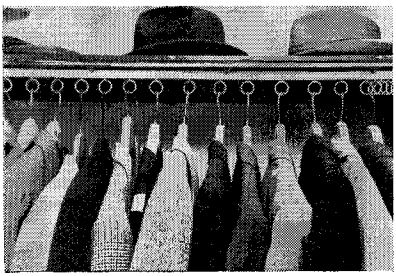
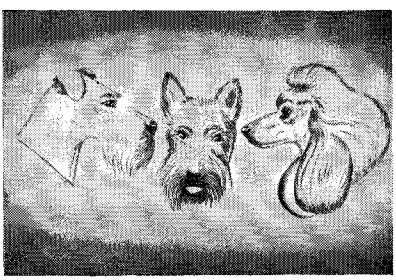


A GLIDING-RING CLOSET ROD will help end clothes crushing. Hangers hook onto runners which roll on aluminum rail. Screws on shelf. Allows garments to hang evenly. 30″ with 15 runners. $2.75 pp. $.45 for each additional 6″ and 3 runners, up to 60″. Davies Bros., 118 Wall St., N.Y. 5, N.Y.



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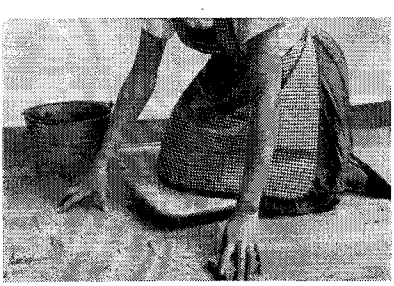
THIS COMPACT 4-PAGE GUIDE gives professional advice to hand and machine sewers. Revolving disc dials proper type and gauge thread, needle and stitches for 60 different fabrics. Hints for pattern adjusting, fitting and pressing. $.75 pp. Flynn-Dinsmore, 450 Seventh Ave., N.Y. 1, N.Y.



PADDED DOLLY protects knees while scrubbing and waxing floors. Mounted on 4 ball-bearing casters, it moves freely in all directions. Father can use for under-car repairs or moving furniture. Cover is stain-resistant vinyl. 13″x10¾″. $2.98 pp. Breck's of Boston, 323 Breck Building, Boston 10, Mass.

(Continued on page 20)

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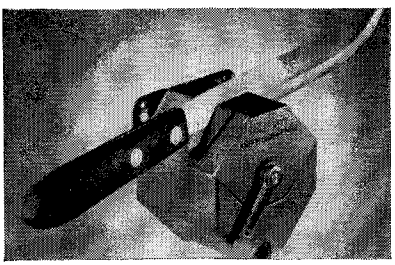

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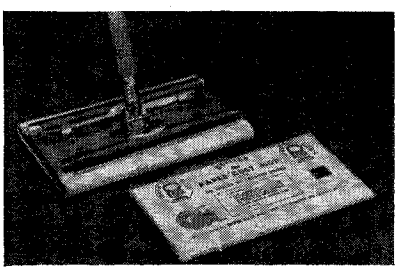
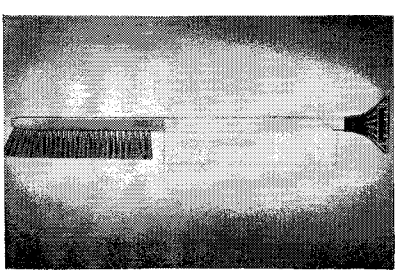


THIS MOP BANISHES need for shaking or washing. Pad has 60 disposable, chemically treated papers. Used sheet is torn off and discarded. Deodorant nullifies dust odor. Sponge rubber mat over steel base protects floors. $3.98 pp. Refill pad $.39. Paper Dust Mop, Dept. C, 374 E. 141 St., N.Y. 54, N.Y.



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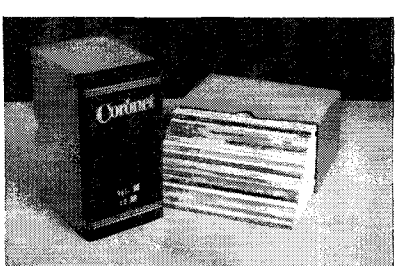

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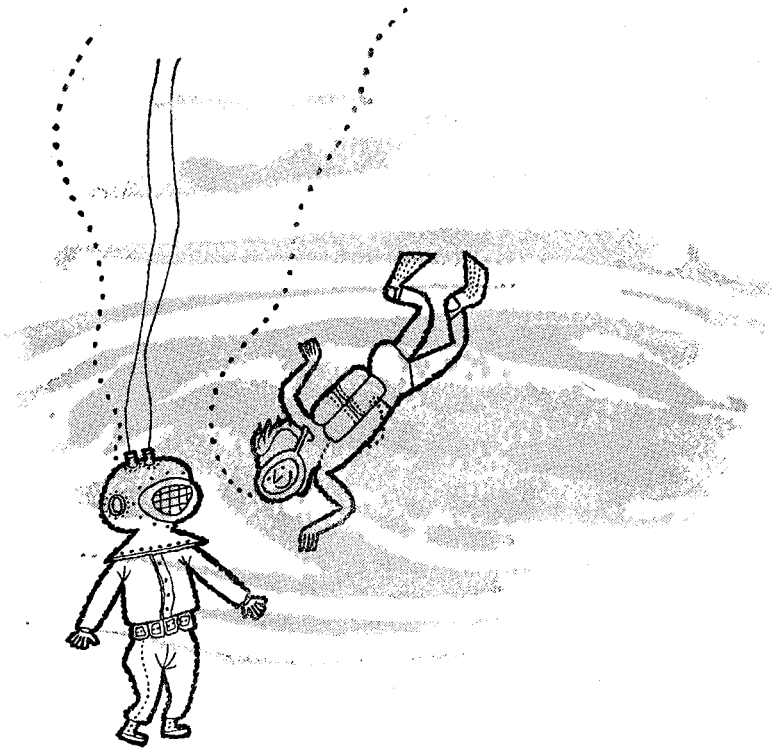

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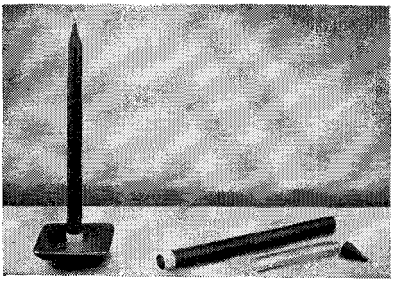

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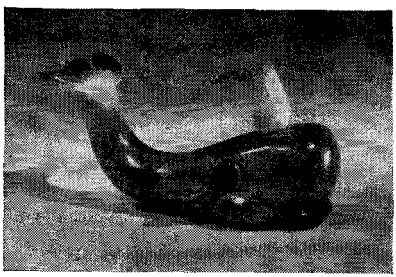

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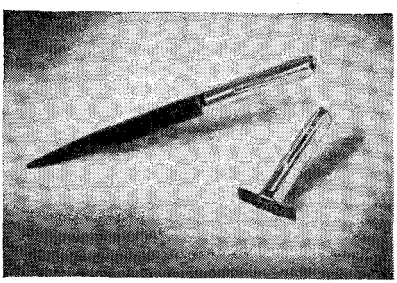
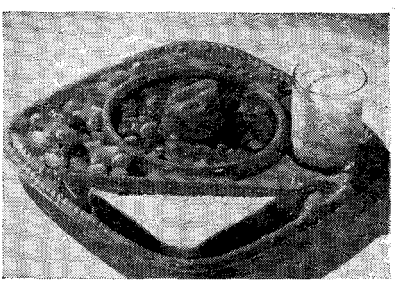


STAMP YOUR NAME or write it with this double duty ball point pen. Barrel conceals ink pad and stamp with name and 2 line address. Cap serves as holder for stamp. Black body with gilt cap. $3.00 pp. Also comes in pencil. Nics & Nacs, Dept. C, P.O. Box 131, Bronx Central Station, Bronx 51, N.Y.



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Who will help Gabriella?

Gabriella is six, the eldest of three children. She never slept in a bed. She goes to school because she gets one free meal a day. She has no others. She never owned a toy. Home is a hut, 9 x 12. The walls are of cardboard in spots where the logs have rotted away. The floor is earthen . . . there are no facilities. Gabriella's parents survived the war in Italy, but now there is no employment. Their hearts are torn, for they cannot help their child . . . not even comb her hair . . . they do not own a comb. Gabriella's hunger is unappeased, her misery deep. She cannot smile. Help to this family means hope instead of despair . . . a chance to live . . . a bulwark against destructive ideologies. Won't you help her and her weary parents or other distressed children . . . many without one or both parents? They can only look to you.

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They Took My Adopted Child Away

As told to ROSANNE SMITH

TOMMY HAS BEEN GONE for two years now. He was taken away from us so suddenly that we had little chance to say goodby. Sometimes I think it was better that way. But at other times I wish with all my heart we could have given him some idea of what he meant to us.

No, Tommy is not dead, I thank God for that. But Claude, my husband, and I will never see him again unless a miracle happens —a miracle for which my heart prays every day and every night though my mind tells me it can never happen.

You see, Tommy was our adopted son. It is still hard for me to say the word adopted—for he *was* our son, as much a part of us as if he had actually been born of our own flesh.

It was our own fault—but let me start at the beginning, for I want others to avoid our mistakes.

The biggest and most tragic mistake was that we wanted Tommy too much. It made us impatient, willing to take risks and blind ourselves to the possible consequences.

The simple fact is that *if* we had waited, *if* we had done things the right way, we would have had an adopted child who was legally ours.

Claude and I had been married eight years when we were told

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we could not have a child of our own and turned to an adoption agency. After we had been placed on the approved list, the agency warned us we would most likely have a long wait. We had, of course, heard of "black market" and "gray market" sources where babies are found quickly, for a price, but we decided we would adopt our child through legal channels even if it took two years.

The two years passed. Then three. At the beginning of the fourth year of waiting we both decided, without speaking the thought aloud, that if we could not adopt a child legally we would do it any way we could.

CLAUDE IS a building contractor. Several times a year he travels to the Home Shows in the big cities. One spring, he came home from an eastern city, bubbling with excitement.

He had been put in contact with a lawyer who made a business of getting babies for people like us. It would cost a lot of money—almost all the money we had saved—but we would get our baby. The man was to call that Saturday night.

I asked no questions. Perhaps I was afraid to.

The call finally came on Monday morning. On Monday afternoon we were on our way toward the Canadian border to get our baby.

It was all so easy. An overnight trip and a 15-minute talk the next morning outside a roadside restaurant some 20 miles from the border. The woman we met there was worn and tired-looking.

"May the good Lord forgive me," she told us in a voice weary with grief. "My man, he was killed two months ago. It brought the baby too quick. I got five others. I got to find money."

We tried to comfort her as she laboriously signed her name to the release the lawyer had drawn up. Then Claude handed her an envelope with the money, and Tommy was ours.

Tommy was only six weeks old when we got him. He was a delicate baby and required constant attention. For a year and a half I never left him for more than an hour.

I had heard young couples gripe about how they never could get out in the evening because of the kids. For us it was a wonderful feeling. It was what we had been waiting and longing to feel for so many years.

The only thing that marred our happiness was the realization that some day we would have to do something about adopting Tommy legally. "Plenty of time for that," we told each other in a brave attempt to hide the nagging dread that was always in the back of our minds.

As time went on, Tommy became more and more our very own child. He had Claude's walk and used his hands the same way. His eyes squinted up like my father's when he smiled. He had my stubbornness and—yes, it was true—his dark wavy hair grew in a widow's peak just like mine.

But the most striking thing about Tommy was his disposition. I can actually count on the fingers of one

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I broke down. "We'll get you back, son," Claude promised . . . That was the last time we saw Tommy.

hand the number of times he had cranky spells.

He had a way of throwing his head back and suddenly laughing for the sheer pleasure of it. And he loved cars. By the time he was three and a half he was able to point out the different makes. Every night before he went to bed, he would line his toy cars up in the "garage" Claude had made for him out of an old crate.

"Mommy," he would say to me, "when I grow up—you and daddy are going to live next door and take care of all my little girls. *I'll* keep the boys."

When Tommy's fifth birthday approached we could put off the legal adoption no longer. For he would be entering school and would need a birth certificate or its legal equivalent. Also, my father wanted to put a clause in his will leaving money to Tommy in case anything should happen to us. Without legal adoption there might be difficulties.

Finally, the papers were drawn up. We appeared in court. The release signed by the mother was presented and the judge held a long conference with our lawyer.

I found myself gripping the arms of my chair, my mind full of numerous wild forebodings. What if the judge decided to check with the mother? Might there be a difficulty because her religion was not ours?

When they finished talking, I felt as though I had not drawn a breath during the whole time. But everything was all right. What fools we were not to have done it long ago.

Everything went well for a year.

One night Claude came home very upset. All I could get out of him was a grumpy statement that he thought he was catching a cold. "I feel all shivery," he said.

I remember distinctly that we had mackerel and peas and mashed potatoes for dinner. Claude begged off telling Tommy his usual bedtime story and we all went to bed early.

I didn't know then that a strange man had come to Claude's office while he was out and asked a number of personal questions about Claude and Tommy.

Next morning when the doorbell rang I was hurrying with breakfast because I wanted to get the dishes done so Tommy and I could ride to town with Claude. I was going to get Tommy a haircut and buy him a new pair of shoes.

I had my housecoat on and a pot holder in my hand when I went to the door. Claude was in the bathroom finishing shaving and Tommy was with him, already dressed.

I thought it was the paper boy, but as I opened the door, a man and a woman, and a younger man in the

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light blue uniform of the Canadian Army, were standing there. They must be looking for the new people who bought the house down the street, I tried to tell myself.

Then the older man spoke. He held out a paper.

It was a court order—for the custody of Tommy.

I did not faint or scream, though my mouth was suddenly parched and I felt as though all my blood were draining away.

Claude came in and read the order. Then he finished dressing and said to me as he picked up his hat, "I'll take care of this."

The older man said, "I'm sorry, but it will be better if the child comes along too, sir."

Claude took Tommy's hand without saying a word and then the young man in the light blue uniform went down on one knee and, holding out his arms toward Tommy, said huskily, "Hello, André."

My son said, "My name is *Tommy*." And I had just time to reach out and touch his hair with the tips of my fingers.

Tommy was placed in the custody of the state until the court hearing two days later. But I was sure we could get Tommy back. Sure, that is, until we entered the courtroom.

As we came through the door no one would look at us, not even our own lawyer. Not even the young man in the blue uniform.

And then the awful story came out. The adoption was totally invalid. The woman who had signed the release was not Tommy's mother at all, but his maternal aunt. His real mother had suffered what is called a post-parturition psychosis after Tommy's birth. She was still in a mental hospital.

Tommy's father, the young man in the blue uniform, had been overseas when Tommy was born. When he returned home on leave, Tommy was gone.

It had not been hard for him to find us. He had hired a lawyer who, after a good deal of investigating, had managed to track us down. The case was then brought to court. Through the court, applications for legal adoptions were screened. The screening operation had turned up our application and we were easily found.

Finally the judge asked Claude and me to come into his chambers. "I don't suppose," he said gently, "that I can say anything to you that you haven't already said to yourselves. Legally, the child must be restored to his original parents. I hope you understand."

I was fighting off hysteria as I heard myself say, "May we see Tommy?"

"Are you sure you want to?" he asked. "Won't it be harder on the boy?"

"We can't just let him go without explaining," Claude said.

The judge shook his head doubtfully but gave permission.

Tommy had been waiting in a nearby room and was brought in by a friendly middle-aged woman.

"There you are," he said, relief flooding his face.

I broke down then. I could only hold him to me fiercely as Claude tried to explain to him what had happened. "But we'll get you back,

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son," Claude promised. "We'll get you back."

Tommy was sobbing, and as the truth came to him he began to scream: "I don't want to go away! Don't let them take me away!" And then the woman who a moment ago had seemed so friendly took Tommy from my arms and literally carried him from the room.

That was the last time we ever saw Tommy. I can still hear him sobbing—see the awful bewilderment on his young face.

Right there we began to pay, pay in the most terrible way possible for our impatience. But oh how willingly we would have suffered if only Tommy had not had to pay too.

That is the dreadful part. Too late we realized that we had caused the one we loved most in the world the most destructive experience a child can have—the forcible separation from his parents.

At first we did not allow ourselves to believe that there was nothing we could do. That would have been impossible to accept at once.

We searched for legal loopholes, consulted lawyers of every description, tried to pull strings, saw prominent judges. I even wrote innumerable letters to Tommy's father. As the incurably ill will leave no stone unturned, *we* explored every legal and emotional possibility. But there was no way out.

And the situation has not changed. Tommy's mother is still mentally ill. His father has two years more to serve in the army. The tragic thing is that Tommy is still not with his real family. His mother visits him when she has an occasional lucid interval but he is being cared for in a temporary foster home.

True, the situation *could* change. *If* the mother does not recover and the father should then decide it would be too difficult to bring Tommy up alone, we just *might* get him back. But this is not something one can hope for and hold one's head up. Though I must confess that in my weaker moments I cannot help dreaming of it.

All the outer signs of Tommy's life with us, his clothes and toys, are gone. We keep one picture of him. The rest were forwarded to his father. But he is always, always in my heart.

Once again we are on an adoption waiting list. There seems little chance we will get another baby; though there is a possibility, we are told, of getting an older child. Somehow, having had Tommy makes the waiting easier now.

We are still waiting . . .

Jobs All Over

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Model, Colo.
Baker, Cal.
Mason, Tenn.
Miller, Iowa

Soldier, Penn.
Barker, N. Y.
Singer, La.
Butler, Ohio
Merchant, Va.
Miner, Mont.

—PAUL STEINER

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OSENTHAL

NOBA BHAVE THE
LE-HANDEDLY, HE
DIA'S OVERWHELM-
FOR THE LANDLESS

POCHEMPELLI lay baking in the sun of South India on April 18, 1951. Like thousands of other villages in the Telengana district it was sick with hunger, angry with landlessness, ready for the Communists.

But that day in Pochempelli a saint was born—at the age of 56—and the strangest economic movement of modern times began.

The movement was based on the simple idea that the peasant must

A small, frail ascetic, Bhave has walked

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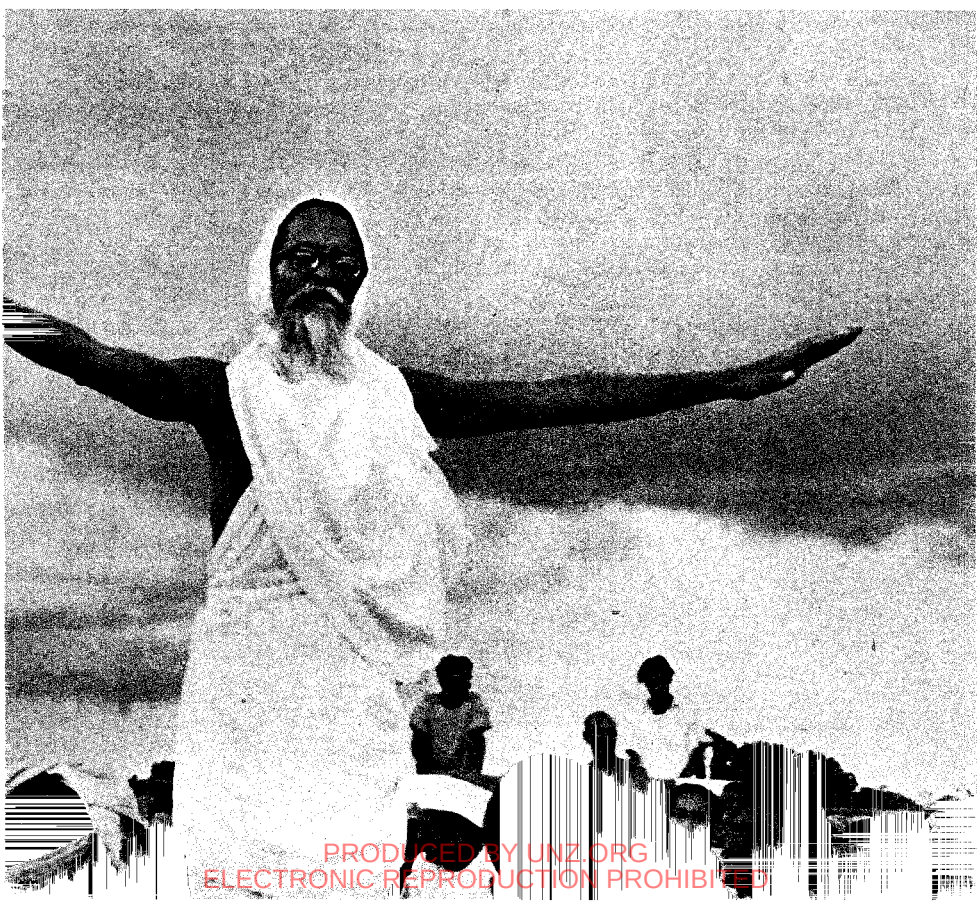
have land, his own land, to live. And that those who had more than enough should, just because it was right, give to those who had none. Its essential ingredient was something unashamedly called "love."

Since that day, thousands of Indians have sat on the ground listening to a frail little man with a pale goatee, slipping spectacles and a faraway look. When he has finished his message they have signed over part of their precious land for him to give to others. What's more, thousands who have never even seen this man have sent him slips of paper, legal in the courts, stating: "I give to Vinoba this much of my land."

The man who started all this was Vinoba Bhave. Until he came to Pochempelli, he was not much more than another religious intellectual —part hermit, part sage.

He believed in goodness and nonviolence but he lived remote from men. Though he had his disciples,

10,000 miles preaching an economic philosophy based on love of one's fellow man



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his name meant little to others.

Today, Vinoba Bhave is known in every corner of India. In the villages—and India is a country of 500,000 villages—they call him Saint Vinoba. He has walked 10,000 miles preaching a simple message.

To the landed, he says: "You who have land, give to the landless. If you have five sons, make me your sixth and give me my share and I will give it to those who have no land."

To those who will receive it, he says:

"The receiver of the land will have to work it, improve it, wet it with his sweat before he can get his bread from it."

This sixth son of India has collected almost 4,000,000 acres of land from the rich *and* from the poor. He has distributed about 70,000 acres of it so far. The rest is being parceled out by dedicated followers who work for 30 rupees a month (about $6) or for nothing.

Vinoba has set a target of 50,000,000 acres—one-sixth of the farmable land in this country where every foot of decent soil is guarded as a family's most precious heritage and where men will fight in the courts for years over ownership of yards.

This is his solution to one of India's biggest problems—finding land for the landless farmer—and millions believe it will work.

IT ALL BEGAN in April of 1951 when Vinoba was walking through the Telengana to attend a conference of the followers of Gandhi, now three years dead. At the time, the Telengana, which is in the state of Hyderabad, was the center for Communist activity.

The Communists already ruled many of the villages. They ruled by terror and through the despair of the hungry farmers, and the still greater despair of the wandering or rent-gouged landless. Untouchables, these latter used to be called, until Gandhi renamed them Harijans, children of God.

Everywhere Vinoba went, the villagers, who saw in him a disciple of the great Gandhi, came to him. They told him that they were afraid of the Communists, true, but were beginning to think—why not communism?

Vinoba talked peace and work to them, non-violence to the marauding Communist bands. But he had no real answers; he and the peasants and the Communists knew it.

On the 18th, he entered the village of Pochempelli, a place much like all the villages of India. He held a prayer meeting under the trees. In the group squatting before him were many Harijans.

"We have no land," said one of their leaders. "The government is not helping us. The Communists say they will give us land."

More in despair than out of any other motive, Vinoba said to the other villagers: "What will you do for the families of the Harijans?"

In the group was a man wealthy, by the standards of Telengana. His name was Ram Chandra and he belonged to the caste of the Reddis, not high born but hard working and

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powerful. Like everybody else, he was worried about the Communists, and the fact that some landlords had thought it the best part of bravery to fall in with them.

That day, when Vinoba asked what was to be done for the landless Harijans, the answer came quite simply to Ram Chandra. Suddenly he was on his feet, offering his own land.

Vinoba looked at Ram, shook his head slightly and said he did not believe him. Ram Chandra asked for a scrap of paper. On it he wrote a sentence signing away 100 acres.

Vinoba, a man who almost never displayed emotion, clapped his hands with joy. For in that moment of elation he had decided that what Ram Chandra would do, others would do, and that this would be the mission of his life.

"A man does not find it difficult to part with money," he said later, "but to give away land in charity is felt like sharing one's body with others."

That was the beginning of the Bhoodan—land gift—movement. For 50 days, Vinoba walked through the rest of Hyderabad, talking and thinking out the idea. And during that time 12,000 acres were given to him.

The Communist threat to Hyderabad is now dead. Vinoba did not kill it himself. Indian troops, new legislation, abolition of some of the rent-collecting middlemen who had been riding the back of the peasants —all helped make Hyderabad a place where men could walk without fear. But few will deny that Bhoodan took the edge off the bitterness in the unhappy state.

After Hyderabad, the big men of the government in New Delhi acclaimed Bhoodan. Gifts came in from all over the country, from places where Bhave had never set foot.

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IN FEBRUARY CORONET

There were attempts to tie up Bhoodan with a political party, with other organizations. But Bhave turned away from them and started walking again, through Bihar, into Bengal, into Orissa and Andhra.

Everywhere people waited for him and cried: "Victory to Saint Vinoba!" And everywhere Vinoba prayed and talked.

The man whom India is calling the new Gandhi was born on September 11, 1895, the son of a Brahmin family in Maharashtra in Western India. He was of the highest caste.

From his earliest years, Vinoba knew his way was the way of asceticism. At 12, he took the vow of chastity. Like most Hindus, he is a vegetarian. A friend said of him: "He ate books."

When he was 16, Vinoba left his family to seek a life of study, self-denial and striving for understanding. While at the university in the Holy City of Benares, his road met the road of Mahatma Gandhi.

For about 20 years, Vinoba studied and prayed and followed Gandhi. Once he asked for a year's

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leave of absence and spent it studying to train his mind and scavenging in the villages to train his soul.

In 1940, he was chosen by Gandhi to offer himself for arrest as a protest against British edicts barring public speeches and assemblies. He spent most of the next five years in jail.

After independence came to India, Vinoba took no part in the political life of the country. When Gandhi died by an assassin's bullets, many looked to Vinoba for a renewal of the spiritual light they felt had gone out of their lives. But others considered him only a pale reflection of the Mahatma.

NOW, OF COURSE, millions speak of him as the new Gandhi, though it is a comparison that does not fit in all details. Gandhi, essentially, was a political leader. Vinoba, essentially, is a man of religion. Gandhi moved men to mass action, Vinoba moves them to individual action.

There probably never has been a national movement conducted with more simple discipline than Bhoodan. The leader and the men and women who follow him rise about 3:20 in the morning. Outside the village hut that Vinoba has been using for the night, his disciples gather for prayer. An hour later, without a word of command or direction, Vinoba sets off briskly down the road. The disciples fall in behind.

For the first half hour or so, nobody approaches the leader. This is his time for silent thinking. (Every moment in Vinoba's day is rationed—a pocket watch is one of the few gadgets he permits himself.)

When the sun comes up, there is a pause for Vinoba's morning bowl of curds. Curds and milk, and once in a while some lemon juice, are all he eats. For a long time he refused any medicine but now he takes malaria-suppressives. He has that unsaintly malady, ulcers, but generally his physical condition is good.

Along the road, peasants try to touch their foreheads to his sandals in the ancient Indian gesture of filial piety. He keeps walking until he comes to the village for the day, where a hut has been prepared for him, a shed made clean for his followers.

When evening brings some faint relief from the merciless sun, a portable public address system is set up —incongruously modern in a village where men live as they did a thousand years ago—and Vinoba sits under a tree and begins his prayer meeting.

Not long ago, speaking of the meaning of Bhoodan, Vinoba told his listeners: "The life of India must be built on the villages. For centuries her people have let others, living far away in the cities, think and rule for them. Now, since independence, the power is theirs, but they must feel it and experience it themselves.

"Bhoodan is a step toward the realization of the independence of the village.

"You have to share your land with the landless in the village. You then have to start village and home industries and resolve that none of you will ever use cloth which is not produced in your village.

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"Then, if there are 500 people in the village, there will be 1,000 hands and 1,000 feet and 500 brains. But there will be one heart."

In almost every village, land is given for Bhoodan. A maharajah gave 100,000 acres; a rival maharajah 100,001.

The poor give most. One peasant gave Vinoba one-fortieth of his lone acre. Vinoba accepted, but he deeded it back to the peasant and told him to give its produce to the poor.

Those who think Bhoodan is a lot of foolishness point out that about 30 per cent of the land given is bad land. Vinoba admits this. He says, however, that almost any land can be used for communal buildings or goat pasture, if not for farming.

The Communists, who dare not attack Bhoodan openly, try to undermine it as a reformist sop supported by the big landowners in an effort to save their necks from the rope of the peasants.

Economists, objecting to Vinoba's way, contend that to give all the landless in India land would require about 80 years and take two-fifths of the sown area of the country. Because of the swift increase in population, in 180 years there will be more than twice as many landless as there are today, so Bhoodan will be farther from its goal than when it started.

Figures in India, as in other countries, are what you make them. Vinoba says that India has 300,000,000 acres of cultivable land and 60,000,000 farm families. Split the land among the families and you get five acres to the family, which is more than what 60 per cent of the people have now. When the population goes up, new land will be found, land now undeveloped.

In New Delhi once, Vinoba mentioned some of the objections to Bhoodan and then turned away from them. It happened, he reminded his listeners, that Lord Vishnu, the Hindu Lord of Preservation, came to earth in the forms of the gods Rama and Krishna.

"Nobody can resolve all the world affairs," he said. "We had Rama and we had Krishna. They did what they could for the world. But there was no end to problems. One can only do one's work."

Fashion Foibles

IF YOU THINK old soldiers just fade away, try getting into your old Army uniform. —*Pipefuls*

EVENING GOWNS are getting more daring every day. The front is now daring the back. —BOB HOPE

FOR YEARS, Christian Dior, the famous designer of women's clothes, has been making vestments for a Benedictine priest who is a very old friend. Soon after Dior issued his edict lifting hemlines around the world, he wired the priest: "Relax, Father. Not you." —*Catholic Digest*

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The Shame

by AL STUMP

IN 20 YEARS of sports writing I've seen things that wouldn't make desired reading for my 11-year-old son with his headful of varsity dreams. Most of these transgressions against the code of honor that is implied in sport I considered exceptions.

Now the tolerance I once felt has turned to shame. For what I see today is the decay of an ideal, the robbing of the innocent, the contradiction that something I'd always encouraged in my son might be his downfall.

For one thing, I see each morning in Los Angeles, a tall, lean man in an inconspicuous dark suit striding into General Petroleum on South Flower Street. Victor O. Schmidt appears to be a big-business executive burdened with heavy problems. He is.

Vic Schmidt is a lawyer, Commissioner of the Pacific Coast Intercollegiate Athletic Conference and doubles as a "football cop." Nine of America's leading colleges hire him—at a reported salary of $20,000 a year—to spy on them and reveal their dishonest traffic in players.

"Have our sports become so bad that they need an FBI?" you ask.

Vic Schmidt answers with a

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# of College Sports

A vigorous indictment of the shocking conditions that make "big league" amateur athletics today anything but amateur

shrug, "If campus football wasn't steadily policed, it would collapse."

Using the manifold techniques of the private eye, Schmidt and his five-man staff patrol the four-state Pacific Coast Conference where football grosses $6,000,000 annually, plus $1,000,000 for the Rose Bowl game.

So intermingled are greed, ambition, jealousy and lust to win that, last April, Schmidt confronted presidents of the universities of Washington, Oregon, California, UCLA, Stanford, Southern California and other conference members with 60 documented cases where:

Talent scouts had bribed high school players to attend certain schools, eligibility papers had been faked, nonexistent jobs were rigged for 18-year-old stars, $400-a-month undercover alumni agents worked in platoons to corral future All-Americans, parents of top prospects were covertly paid bonuses of cars and cleared-off mortgages, youngsters secretly had been flown 1,500 miles to illegal tryout camps.

At Washington State College, a 19-year-old was snatched from his dormitory bed at 2 A.M. A strong-arm squad of University of Idaho partisans bundled the 200-pounder into an automobile, whisked him across the state line and held him in a Moscow, Idaho, hotel for 24 hours. Offered $1,000 cash, a mythical job and a percentage of local slot-machine profits if he would switch allegiance, the boy refused.

Schmidt's sleuthing resulted in a $2,000 fine of the U. of I. and the firing of a coach who was involved.

The American Council on Education recently charged that most of the major schools illicitly bargain for players, which indicates that the lunatic fringe afflicting football in the 1930s now comprises almost the whole fabric.

Dossiers of investigators tell a further frightening story. Not long ago, a California U. fullback married, and his interest in scoring touchdowns diminished. As a result, he was put under severe pressure to break off the marriage by demanding that his wife offer their baby for adoption. The young woman was a hysterical wreck before authorities stepped in and cracked the proper heads.

In 1952-53-54, the national football champions were Michigan State College, Maryland University and Oklahoma University. And what happened:

Michigan State was placed on a one-year probation by the Western—

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Conference after an ex-FBI agent exposed an alumni club's slush fund, "suspect as a source of unauthorized aid to athletes."

Oklahoma, last April, was slapped on two-year report by the National Collegiate Athletic Association for numerous excesses.

A 166-page report was needed last January to list Maryland goings-on, which included 179 athletes drawing $134,250 annual aid.

In New York, district attorney Frank Hogan sent 15 fixers to jail for bribing 33 players at six colleges to cooperate in gambling coups during the 1947-1951 national basketball scandals.

IN THE LIGHT of all this, many parents vow they'll never allow their growing-up sons to enter organized sports. Are they right?

Avery Brundage, worldwide Olympic Games president and the most ardent crusader for a complete revamping of our recreational thinking, says:

"So long as material *success* outranks *having fun*, most of our sports won't be worth a thing," Brundage admits. "Seeing money-greed on all sides, youngsters come up asking 'what's in it for me?' rather than 'what can I contribute?'

"They are the victims of a colossal swindle of their right to learn that *giving* is the only real reward of any contest. What you put in you get back in poise, self-esteem, developed skill and courage. For our youth, the whole meaning of sports is vanishing."

Is there a remedy? Yes, there is, though it is widely overlooked.

It is simply: don't push your youngster into pressurized big-time box office "prestige" activities. Steer him, rather, toward sports which don't depend upon crowd hysteria and publicity. Substitute for "big league" and "varsity" the idea of one of America's greatest athletes, Dr. David Freeman.

In 1941, Freeman, a Harvard student, could have become a Davis cup tennis star. But the "tennis bum" stigma warned him away.

Taking up badminton, a game enjoyed by millions, he brilliantly won over seven national and foreign championships.

Freeman isn't headlined. He never has earned a nickel while ranked as badminton's all-time immortal. But he has had a lifetime of thrills.

"The biggest," says Freeman, "was mastering something difficult —simply because I wanted to."

The so-called minor—but honest —sports are our last chance to return to the right path. And many exist. One is golf.

There are hundreds of amateur and PGA (pro) tournaments staged yearly—and golf never has had a "fix" scandal.

There's a sound reason why. Golf, even at the fierce National Open level, remains recreational in spirit. Kids begin hitting shots for fun, without pressure to beat anyone; as men, they treasure their hobby beyond selling it out for gambler's gold.

"It's the environment you start in which shapes character," says veteran champion Byron Nelson. "Some Chicago hoodlums once threatened to kill Lloyd Mangrum

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if he didn't slack off and let a long-shot win. Lloyd broke the course record with a 63."

If your boy's sport is football, and he won't be deterred, look sharp. The chief environment-shapers here are the middle-aged alumni "booster," a social pariah who will buy husky youngsters like cattle; the slick, book-juggling athletic director; some college presidents, sometimes ignorant, but usually conspiratorial with the head coach whose morals are dictated by the scoreboard.

Yet there *is* another way. Last season, I inspected the remarkable record of Willamette University, a typical small college of 1,200 in Oregon.

Admission to games was $1 and up (the school lost $3,792 for the year in football). On-campus "ride" jobs didn't exist. Players had to maintain a "C" average to stay eligible.

Only two hours of practice a day were allowed, beginning after late classes and lab work. Stadium seating capacity was limited to 3,500, publicity was limited and no alumni financed any player through Willamette.

"We have no FBI checking up on us," President George Herbert Smith told me, "but we have plenty of enthusiasm!"

My boy will play somewhere like Willamette, Sewanee or Johns Hopkins University. Johns Hopkins has gone even further and pioneered the idea of no gate admission whatever. With football free, the game has been returned to the students, where it belongs.

In the U. S., more than 600 small colleges approximate the Sewanee-Johns Hopkins plan, while still supporting fast, clever teams worthy of the keenest community interest.

Contamination of amateur athletics will continue until—by public outrage—there is a shakeup right to the educational top. So pick one of the Olympic-type sports, like crew, swimming, track and field, fencing, gymnastics, skiing, or the just-as-rewarding casual fun sports like badminton, archery, bowling, golf and handball, for the boy you're raising. Lead him away from college play where the accent is on power and money.

Make sure he understands that giving, not taking, is the essence of sportsmanship.

Short Takes

OUR NEIGHBOR'S small son was asked by his teacher to write in one sentence what a newspaper does. He turned this in: "It tells you who won and who's been murdered."

—FRANCES RODMAN

SOMEONE HAS figured out that the peak years of mental activity must be between the ages of four and eighteen. At four, we know all the questions; at eighteen, all the answers. —*Family Circle*

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The Life and Death of a Country Singer

by ELI WALDRON

Millions drew joy from Hank Williams' songs, but in his heart there was only bleak despair

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HANK WILLIAMS, perhaps the greatest hillbilly singer of his time, died on New Year's Day, 1953, the coroner turned up traces of alcohol in his veins. He also found a refillable prescription for chloral hydrate (knockout drops) in his pocket and noticed an unanswered question that seemed to linger in the sad, puzzled expression on the dead singer's face: *What does it all mean?*

The Oak Hill, West Virginia, coroner might well have asked himself the same question. At the age of 29, Williams was earning more than $200,000 a year; he had 15 million adoring fans, 10 million in this country and another 5 million abroad; as a poet, composer and entertainer he quite literally had the world at his feet.

In Nashville, Tennessee, which today competes with New York and Las Vegas as a high-priced and rather fabulous entertainment center, Williams had reigned as undisputed king. His Cadillacs, his elegant suburban home, his $300 suits and sterling-silver-toed cowboy boots—all these were evidence of a tremendously successful career.

For four years that career had been unrivalled in its brilliance. Yet this very brilliance had seemed to drive him toward self-annihilation—as though success meant nothing to him at all and destruction everything.

Williams had died early that New Year's morning in the back seat of a limousine en route to an engagement in Canton, Ohio. His plane had been forced down by bad weather in Knoxville the previous evening and he had checked into a hotel there to get some rest. A painfully thin, tired-looking figure, tortured by sleeplessness, he had called a physician who had given him an easeful injection of morphine.

For a few hours he slept, and then he rose and continued his fateful journey. For exactly a year now he had been fighting the old familiar battle—driving himself with alcohol and drugs to a task which his spirit had long since wearied of.

In Canton that afternoon, when the news of his death was given to the audience that had come to hear Hank Williams sing, there was a moment of shocked silence. Then the spotlight was turned on the empty stage and the audience rose to its feet and sang "I Saw the Light," one of Williams' best-loved religious songs.

This was their boy who had come to them out of nowhere—out of a poverty-stricken Alabama background—bringing songs as few singers had brought them to the people before. "Kawliga," "Your Cheatin' Heart," "Hey, Good Lookin'," "Jambalaya," "Cold, Cold Heart," "Settin' the Woods on Fire," to name but a very few. They were shocked and unbelieving when they learned of his death.

There was a story behind "I Saw the Light" that might have shocked them even more, a few months earlier. Williams had

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appeared in Los Angeles with Minnie Pearl, the well-known Grand Ole Opry comedienne.

He was in a bad way, his nerves raw with exhaustion, his spirit deeply troubled. In an effort to keep him away from the bottle, the comedienne and another friend had driven him around the city the afternoon of the engagement. "Well let's sing!" Williams said, trying hard to cooperate with them. They began to sing "I Saw the Light" when suddenly Williams shuddered, buried his face in his hands and cried out in real agony, "But they ain't no light! They ain't no light!"

He was a pitiable figure at that moment, the comedienne later recalled—a man who had been sustained in his early years by a simple faith in the goodness of life, and who was now torn and shattered by doubt. And yet his personal doubt had not destroyed his gift. *That* remained intact to the very end.

His gift had carried Williams swiftly from obscurity into the national spotlight on Nashville's Station WSM and the Grand Ole Opry, all in the space of a few years. From 1950 on, his name rose steadily until he finally found himself at the very top of the glittering hillbilly heap.

"It fair took my breath away," Williams used to say, with a grin, of those first years. "Never dreamed livin' could be so nice."

WILLIAMS had begun his public career in Georgiana, Alabama, as a child, selling peanuts, shining shoes and doing whatever odd jobs he could to earn a little money. It was in Georgiana that he made the acquaintance of a Negro singer named Teetot who began to teach him how to play the guitar. At the age of twelve he won an amateur-night prize at the Empire Theater in Montgomery with a song called "The WPA Blues."

The same year, at twelve, he began playing the honky-tonks. At thirteen he had his own string band, "The Drifting Cowboys." At fourteen he was playing over Montgomery's Station WSFA. In the South, during the depression years, the responsibilities of adulthood tended to arrive very early in life.

From fourteen to seventeen, Williams played honky-tonks, dances, hoedowns and medicine shows, beginning to travel now and learning to love the land and the people in it. Love, in another sense, took him very neatly and abruptly at seventeen. Playing a medicine show in Banks, Alabama, he met and married a pretty, cool-eyed blonde named Audrey Shepherd.

In a biographical sketch written after his death, Hank Williams' mother spoke of his early marriage. "I must admit I was a little jealous at times," she said. "Not really. I'm joking. Hank's mother was always his first girl and he never forgot it."

At nineteen, despairing of ever making a living out of music, Williams gave up playing altogether. But his mother had unquenchable faith in him, and an indomitable will.

Using the last of her money, she rented a car and went to every

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nightclub in the Montgomery area. She booked Hank solid for sixty days. "When Hank saw the datebook for those shows," she wrote later, "he gave me the sweetest smile I've ever seen and said, 'Thank God, Mother. You've made me the happiest boy in the world.'"

Success was waiting for him now. Joking with his wife Audrey one day, she asked him what he'd do if he came home too late and she locked him out. He thought about this for a moment and said, "I'd go out and tell that little old dog to move it on over in the doghouse." And then he thought about *this* for a while and took down his guitar and picked out a fast-moving, happy little tune called "Move It on Over."

Hank liked "Move It on Over" so well he decided to send it to Acuff-Rose, one of the top publishers in the hillbilly music field. The Rose half of the firm liked "Move It on Over" so well that he promptly summoned the composer to Nashville.

Fred Rose was an old-timer in show business and a cautious man. He said to Williams, "It's good, but how do I know you wrote it? Here, I'll give you a test. Take this situation: There's a girl who marries a rich boy instead of the poor boy who lives in a cabin. Go in the room there and see if you can make a song out of *that*." Hank emerged thirty minutes later, singing "A Mansion on the Hill." This made two hits on his first day with the firm.

With this brace of hits on his hands, Williams had no difficulty getting bookings from that moment on. Leaving Nashville, he quickly established himself on the well-known Louisiana Hayride over Shreveport's station KWKH. From there he moved up to Nashville and WSM's Grand Ole Opry and his fortune was made, for the top hillbilly singers earn as much as our top brokers and bankers.

But it wasn't "easy" money that he was making. Williams soon discovered that country entertainers work hard, impossibly hard, for their wages. A typical week might find him singing in the broiling sun in a Dallas fairground one day, in a Los Angeles auditorium the following day, in San Francisco's Cow Palace that same night—in Denver, Seattle, Toronto, in baseball parks, picnic grounds, indoors and outdoors. Finally, the typical week turned into Saturday and it was time to high-tail it back home to Nashville and the Grand Ole Opry. It was a merciless program.

While exhausted from this grind one day in 1951, Williams somehow made the acquaintance of a certain "Doc" Marshall, a quack and a first-rate con man. Marshall knew a good "patient" when he saw one and he hinted at a "pleasant" way to handle the problems of exhaustion, depression, insomnia and all the other assorted ills that tend to beset a harried man, always on the go.

The "pleasant way," of course, was the vicious benzedrine-barbiturate cycle, the "wake 'em up, put 'em to sleep" routine, plus, perhaps, the use of even stronger drugs.

Marshall was soon made Williams' personal physician at a

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fee of $300 a week. Now the country singer had entered, as it were, into a pact with the Devil.

"It's impossible to describe what happened," one of Hank's friends said later about Williams' swift descent. "It happened so fast. It was 'Doc' Marshall, it was money, it was whiskey, it was some sickness or sadness he had carried around with him ever since he was a kid."

Whatever it was, the pendulum was soon swinging in wider and wider arcs. Williams became quixotic, crazily unpredictable, drinking wildly now, throwing great gouts of money on the floor wherever he might be and stamping on it and screaming with rage. The money bothered him, there was no doubt of that.

But his audiences stuck by. Even when, toward the last, he took to weaving onstage, telling his fans to go to hell, they *applauded*. It was just further evidence of his greatness.

It was evidence, however, of something else to bookers, agents, house-owners and managers. Broken engagements could mean financial disaster. And when Williams took to packing a pistol in the back of his belt and shooting up hotel rooms and even his own home on at least one occasion, it was plain that something had to be done.

In September they booted him out of the Grand Ole Opry and sent him into that limbo from which they say hillbilly singers never return. Four months later, struggling now to keep alive, he embarked on a plane from Shreveport to keep his New Year's Day engagement in Canton, Ohio. The next day he was dead.

The Compleat Buck Passer

A COMPREHENSIVE LISTING of the soft answers alleged to turn away wrath is impossible. Let him among us cast the first cliché who has not, in times of stress, sought refuge behind:

I assumed . . .
But that's the way we've always done it . . .
I didn't know you were in a hurry for it . . .
That's not in my department . . .
No one told me to go ahead . . .
I'm waiting for an OK . . .
How did I know this was different? . . .
That's his job, not mine . . .
Wait till the boss comes back and ask him . . .
I forgot . . .
I didn't think it was very important . . .
I'm so busy I just can't get around to it . . .
I thought I told you . . .

—*Better Impressions*, published by The Mead Corporation

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Thanks for "Simple" Things

by Richard L. Evans

One way of finding out how much we have to be thankful for is to give up some of our blessings. Consider just one seemingly simple thing: nourishing food—not fancy foods, not the trimmings, but merely simple, strength-sustaining food.

We may have come to consider it as commonplace, but let it be taken from us for only a few days and see how abundantly blessed we would feel to have it back. Let's look at health—just ordinary, reasonably good health, just the feeling that it's good to be alive. Let us once stop feeling like a functioning, hearty human being, and we quickly come to learn the surpassing blessing of having health.

Look at such simple things as countryside scenes—and eyesight to see them; as music and voices—and ears to hear them; as friends and family—and having them near, to see and enjoy them. How casually we accept them. But once, let us lose them, and we should soon see how abundantly blessed we were when we had them.

Sometimes children are troublesome, and sometimes they are looked upon as being a burden; but let one of them be in danger, let one of them be seriously stricken, let one of them be lost, and the surpassing blessing of having them will soon be in abject evidence. Let's look at work: sometimes we complain of it. But let someone take from us the right to work or let some illness prevent us from the privilege of work, and we should soon see what a blessing it would be to have our work back.

Let's look at freedom: we may have come to accept it casually—freedom to live where we want, to worship as we want, to work at what we want; freedom from intrusion upon the privacy of our homes, freedom to read and to think as we wish. Once, let it be lost—as it has been by so many men, and we should soon see how unspeakably thankful we would be for freedom.

If we need any added evidence of what we have to be thankful for, let there be taken from us even the least of the seemingly simple things that make life livable, and we should soon feel unbelievably blessed to have back what we may now have come to consider as commonplace.

From *Tonic for our Times*, by Richard L. Evans. Copyright, 1952, by the author, and published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

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Incident on the Plains

by JOHN B. GEORGE

In the shadow of Kilimanjaro, a hunter finds one answer to man's quest for peace of mind

IN EAST AFRICA, the long dry season turns everything brown and cracks the earth under a malevolent sun. When the clouds finally move down from Kilimanjaro across the Masai Steppe, herds of oryxes and impalas, of antelope and zebras, feast on the succulent new green of leaf and grass-blade.

At this season, several years ago, I camped on the Steppe, seeking a lion for my rifle, and rest and solace for weary nerves.

I saw a number of lions, but none with a trophy mane, so as a hunt the trip was a failure. But as an episode in the greatest hunt of all—a man's quest for happiness and peace of mind—it was my most successful.

The key event occurred on a sweeping field of new grass. Kilimanjaro, distant and white above the clouds, was the painted drop-curtain. The equatorial sun had begun its westward dive and the last eddies of mirage had died in the evening coolness.

For half an hour I had been skirting the field, pausing each hundred steps to climb a termite heap and scan it through binoculars.

A herd of zebras was grazing some two hundred yards to my left. Something told me to watch this herd. Two stallions had begun to brawl—pawing, kicking and biting, breaking off and then starting anew amid a crowd of disputed mares.

The herd's sentinels must have been undutiful, for I soon saw it was being stalked by a pride of five lions, their backs cruising the high, inedible grass at the edge of the field like destroyers in quiet waters.

For a while the mares watched the dueling stallions, and when the younger had won they resumed grazing, still unaware of the lions.

The pride continued in single file through the sheltering grass until the leading male passed abreast of the zebras. Two more followed, then the three aligned their bodies like drawn arrows, paused taut for a second, and hurled themselves at the very front of the herd. Too soon, I thought. The zebras had time to pivot and run.

The herd turned itself inside out and raced back towards me. For sixty yards the lions gained at every bound. One almost pawed a zebra

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haunch. Then the big cats slowed down, seeming content to keep pace with the herd at peak-panic.

Near the center an old stallion, likely the one who lost the fight, was lagging. He hesitated, overtaken on left and right, shaking his head in confusion. At the same time I caught a movement in the grass between the animals and my perch. It materialized into a beautiful, honey-colored lion, short-maned but heroically molded.

He was facing the herd, rear towards me, only his eyeballs and a flat slice of forehead showing above the grass. Suddenly he tautened, clawed the sod like a sprinter, and launched his four-hundred pounds at the old stallion.

The stallion was overtaken instantly. He kicked out with hind feet too low and too late, just as he was hit. The heavy-fanged jaws bit into the neck while claws tore the withers. A paw reached out to grab the nose and tug the head back sidewise. The combined weight and momentum of lion and zebra drove earthward with the bent neck underneath and there was a crack of parting vertebrae.

The pride began their feast, abandoning any attempt to kill more. This was all they needed.

I looked out over the field and was amazed to find zebras still there. The herd had halted a scant two-hundred yards away and was looking back in mild annoyance. After a few minutes, the zebras calmly resumed grazing.

After a while they looked back again at the lions, or maybe just at greener grass. An old mare lifted her head, scented the air, then led her colt trotting towards the pride.

One by one the others followed, until the herd was grazing within an easy spear-throw of the feeding carnivora. Soon they surrounded the lions on three sides, cropping the young grasses with relish.

The lions gnawed on, entirely absorbed in their gluttony. The large one finally became sated. He got up and walked away, bulging. Soon he was followed by the next largest

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male, pendulous from the tremendous meal.

The zebras merely parted their ranks, the nearest ones standing heads-up while both lions walked directly through the herd. Then they resumed grazing, secure for the moment and unworried about the future, their springtime enjoyment unabridged by tragedy or terror.

I remained on the anthill and watched, until the sun fell beneath the horizon. One by one the lions left, bequeathing bones and leavings to hyenas and jackals. The zebras lingered past moonrise, then silently walked to water.

The scene had been raw. Yet the lions did not seem murderers and the zebras victims. I preferred to think of both as participants in an established rhythmic order, testifying perhaps to some greater unity. The lions killed only to live, and just enough to live. And the stolid calm of the zebras seemed to suggest a lesson in wise acceptance when facing irrevocable laws of nature.

Only in time of war or disaster, I remembered, do humans take food beside their dead; other times a man stands palsied and dry-mouthed near such blinding proof of his mortality.

Man's troubled nerves jangle constantly, full of useless false alarms. Sometimes they destroy his power of intellect and make him worse than the animals.

But the limited nervous systems of zebras instruct them simply to live, to feed and breed, to panic when danger is immediate and to absorb whatever respite nature may provide.

I walked back to my tent through bright moonlight, hearing the variant sounds of the African night with a feeling of unhurried appreciation. Worries and anxieties were chaffed away.

Since then, I have wasted less energy on thoughts of death and other unanswerables. Whenever fear of failure engulfed me, when the death of a friend or uncertainty over money made me dull to the wonder and richness of just living through one more breathing day, I could remember the zebras and their enjoyment of life in full view of death.

Then I could turn to the simple green of spring or white of winter and let my heart subside to rhythms established by a Will whose form and purpose may often be obscure to us but whose simplest command —that life shall unceasingly continue—is clear and indisputable.

Real Handicap

GENERAL MELVIN MAAS, the blind chairman of the President's Committee on Employment of the Physically Handicapped, was speaking to a convention recently. "Of course, I'm handicapped myself," he said. The crowd looked sad for him, but then he added, "I have false teeth."

—EARL WILSON in the Minneapolis *Tribune*

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A LONG TIME AGO, on an island in the Orient, it was the custom for each boy to have a little donkey as his companion. Bim was the most beautiful of all the donkeys. Abdullah, his master, was the poorest of little boys. Often he couldn't even buy Bim a crust of stale bread. So they were often hungry, but very happy because they were together.

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MESSAOUD WAS A RICH BOY. His father was the chief of the island. But since Messaoud was selfish, no one liked him. He didn't have a single friend—not even a donkey of his own. The instant he saw Bim, he liked him. Now, when the little chief wanted something he took it. He grabbed the burro's neck and began to drag him home, but Abdullah took hold of Bim and fled. In a fury, Messaoud ordered his father's soldiers to capture the little donkey. They seized Bim, bound him with thick ropes and threw him into the palace. Bim missed his lost master and brayed sadly. Abdullah had been lots of fun to play with, but the little chief had never learned any games. He only teased Bim and made him do silly tricks that bored him. Finally, Bim couldn't stand it any longer. He tried to escape but they caught him and tied him up again. Such a thing had never happened to him before! For the first time in his whole life, Bim was unhappy.

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ABDULLAH MISSED BIM, too, and decided he would rescue him. He borrowed a camel and hoisted himself up the high palace wall. Peeking over the top he saw Bim, a heavy lasso around his neck, bucking and kicking to escape Messaoud who yanked his ears and beat him with sticks. Enraged, Abdullah leaped upon Messaoud and punched him with his fists until the noise aroused the guards. They chased Abdullah all over the palace, until they caught him. Then he was chained and thrown in prison.

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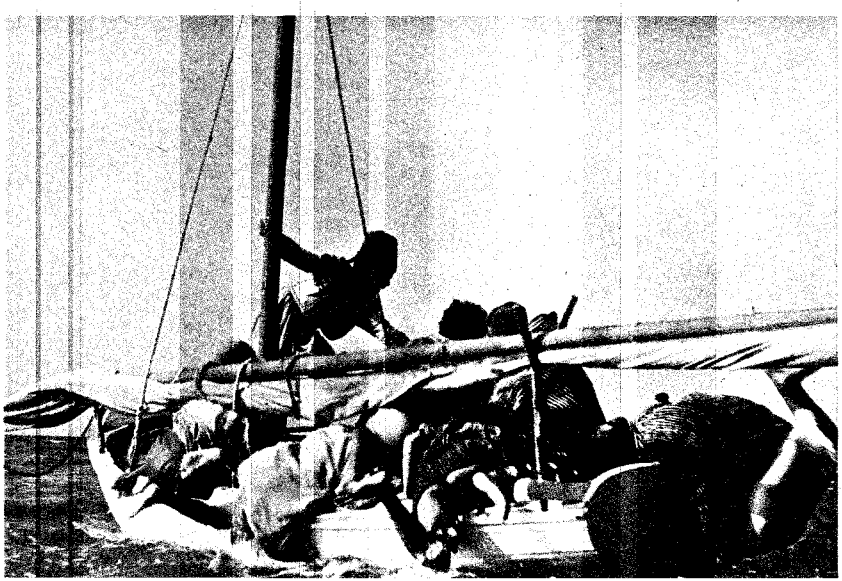
MESSAOUD REGRETTED his naughtiness for he really wanted the other boy to be his friend. So he told Abdullah he was sorry and presented him with his prettiest dagger. That night, thieves broke into the palace and carried Bim away. Messaoud saw them, so he stole the prison keys and opened Abdullah's cell. Stealthily, they sneaked from the palace and rounded up the other children. Hurriedly, they explained what had happened. Because the robbers had fled by sea, the children raced for the beach. They dashed aboard an idle boat and pursued the bandits furiously.



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THEIR BOAT SPED over the water and quickly overtook the robbers. Messaoud, who knew how to give orders, commanded his crew to board the fleeing ship and led the attack as the boys hurled themselves at the enemy. The thieves were amazed by the crowd of shouting children who climbed aboard faster than they could push them back into the water. As the battle raged, Abdullah crept silently on deck and, using the knife Messaoud had given him, he quickly cut the rope of the mainsail.

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PANIC BROKE LOOSE as the giant white canvas crumpled upon the hysterical bandits. In the confusion, they struck each other and threw their own men into the water. The children gleefully fished them out again. Everyone was happy as they headed for home; for they were all together again, Bim was safe, Abdullah was free, and Messaoud had many new friends. In later years, when Messaoud became a big chief like his father before him, he made Abdullah his Prime Minister. Together the two friends watched over the island and made sure that all the little children on it were always happy, and that each one of them had his own donkey.

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HOW TO BUY A Bargain

by ANNE SCHOTT

Millions of dollars are saved every year by Americans who have learned to get the most for their money. Here are the techniques that are used by shoppers who know the why and how of bargain buying.

MILLIONS OF AMERICANS scan the papers every day for sale merchandise in the firm belief that you *can* get more than you pay for. And they are right.

Stores hold sales to move merchandise and attract customers. And if the customer buys wisely, both he and the store come out ahead.

Successful bargain hunting, like all skills, takes time to acquire. In the first place, you must know what a bargain is. A bargain is something you can use, something selling for less than the customary fair price and, most important, priced in line with your normal spending habits.

The biggest danger of bargain shopping is being lured away from your budget class, or into buying poorer quality merchandise.

Take for example the woman who usually spends $15 on a dress. Her favorite store is selling sample dresses valued at $50 for only $30. So she buys one. But she has spent twice as much on it as she has on the other dresses in her wardrobe.

Suppose this same woman sees a sale advertising $10 dresses for $5. On the assumption that you can't go wrong for only $5, she buys one. But this dress won't have the quality or the styling she's accustomed to finding in her $15 dresses. In a few days the new dress will seem dowdy, and hang unworn in the closet.

The expert bargain-hunter avoids these pitfalls. She waits until an expensive dress is on sale for $15, or until the $15 dress has been marked down. In this way, she gets more quality for the same amount of money, or the same quality for less money.

Once you learn to buy only items you need, and to consider your normal spending pattern before buying, you are well on the way to becoming an expert.

To find the best sales, it's important to learn how to read advertisements.

Better Business Bureaus find that

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shoppers often take for granted the meanings of terms appearing in sales advertisements. Actually these terms have very specific and significant meanings. Here are definitions, based on Better Business Bureaus' standards, of some of the most frequently mis-understood terms.

1. An item that has been marked down will carry both the last regular price at which it sold in the store and the new low price.

2. When an ad refers to a "Special Purchase," it means the merchandise has been purchased at reduced rates and the saving is being passed on to the public, though there is no way of knowing how much.

3. "Clearance on dresses . . . Formerly as high as $60 . . . Now only $25.95" does *not* mean every dress will be worth $60. The bulk of the sale dresses may have been reduced only a few dollars.

4. Ads that say simply, "Men's shirts . . . Now only $2.95," say nothing at all. If this product ever sold for more, the original price would probably be mentioned.

When you know what a bargain is and what to expect from a sale, you are ready to go shopping. But once you are inside the store, the only thing you can depend on is your ability to recognize quality.

Let's suppose you are at a dress sale. The advertisement states that every dress will be sold for $18.95, although the original prices ranged from $19.95 to $49.95. These clues will help you select the more expensive dresses included in the sale.

1. In quality garments, the zippers work easily and are well concealed.

2. If the skirt is pleated, the pleats should hang evenly and lie flat; if full, there should be ample material for it to hang easily.

3. In full-skirted dresses, Pellon linings, nylon petticoats or attached crinolines are signs of quality.

4. If the seams of the dress are carefully bound, it's a quality dress.

5. Quality dresses have well-made belts. In winter clothing they should be genuine leather, or of the same material as the dress and firmly backed.

6. Higher priced dresses run a little larger. If you try on your usual size and the dress is tight, the chances are it's an inexpensive line.

7. An expensive dress carries the label of the designer, and, very often, of the material manufacturer. If it comes with no labels, it's probably an inexpensive garment. On the other hand, if you can see that the labels have been torn out, it usually means the dress came from a quality house and the designer won't permit it to be sold cheaply with his name in it. If so, it's a good buy—and a bargain.

8. Handmade buttonholes and hand-detailing of all kinds are signs of quality. If you can't recognize handwork, go through the expensive dress department of a reputable store and examine the garments there until you can.

9. If there are many dresses of exactly the same style and color on sale it may mean they are going out

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of style, or were poorly cut. A one-of-a-kind bargain is usually best.

MEN'S SUITS AND SHIRTS are a big item in the clothing budget, and here are a few guideposts to wise buying.

1. Styles in men's clothing change slowly and subtly, so check suits for up-to-date fashioning by noting the shoulder padding, the size of the lapels, the length of the jacket, and the number and placement of buttons. Compare these with the styles you have seen in recent advertisements.

2. Suits containing rayon threads won't wear nearly so well as those made of 100 per cent wool. There are two major types of wool used in suits, worsted and regular woolen. Of the two, worsted will wear better and cost a little more. If you can get a worsted suit for the price of a regular wool, it is a good buy.

3. Fabrics made of tightly twisted thread will wear longer than those of loosely twisted thread. This applies to both regular wool and worsted. Examine a single thread of the material to see how tightly it is twisted.

4. Hold an unlined portion of the garment up to the light. If a great deal of light passes through the fabric, the suit probably won't wear well.

5. Check lapels, sleeves and pockets for workmanship. The edges of the lapels should tend to curl down, not up, and the slit at the end of the sleeve should never curl out. Pockets should not gape open; and, if there are flaps over the pockets, they should lie flat at the corners.

6. Check the inside breast pocket. If it extends into the wool facing of the jacket, the suit is well-made.

7. Before buying men's shirts, see that the collars are evenly cut and stitched, and that the points lie flat.

8. All the buttons should be of the same thickness, and the surfaces smoothly finished. Avoid buying shirts with chipped or cracked buttons.

9. Expensive shirts have two rows of stitching down the front panel. Less expensive shirts have only one row.

10. Many stores will reduce shirts as soon as they become shopworn. This is an excellent time to buy. But look carefully for ink or other stains.

PROBABLY nothing goes on sale as regularly as sheets, towels and table linens. It pays to wait for these "White Sales" when prices are low and the selection large. But take these pointers with you.

1. Judge towels by their thickness. Heavy, closely woven towels are more absorbent and wear longer. Since durability is important here, it generally pays to buy the best quality you can afford.

2. Check the towels for finishing details. There should be closely woven selvages on both edges, and the hems should be closely stitched to prevent ravelling, and fastened securely at corners.

3. "Irregular" towels are often excellent buys. But be sure you know why they are irregular. Look for badly pulled threads and weak

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spots that won't wear well. If you find none, the towels are probably marked irregular for small imperfections and are well worth the sale price.

4. Quality in sheets is determined by a thread count. Percale sheets have finer threads, more threads to the inch than muslin. The muslin sheets will wear better, but will lack the softness and sheen of percale.

THE AVERAGE SHOPPER can easily learn to judge quality in products like linens and clothing. But only an expert can appraise watches, cameras, electrical appliances, television sets and automobiles. These are expensive products which, fortunately, you can get at bargain prices without relying solely on your own judgment. Here is a five-point program for bargain hunting in this field.

1. Plan to buy only products with nationally advertised brand names.

2. Read the *manufacturer's* advertisements carefully. Be sure you know what you can expect from his product, and what it usually costs.

3. Wait until a reputable store offers the product below its last regular selling price in the same store.

4. Read the *store's* ad carefully, to make sure the merchandise on sale is new and not reconditioned, and also that it is the latest model of the product.

5. Before you buy, check to see that the guarantees and services advertised by the manufacturer are available to you even though you bought the merchandise on sale.

When you look for bargains in these specialized products, your best guide to quality is the good reputation of both the brand name and the dealer. You can rely on that reputation. It grew out of the satisfaction of customers like yourself.

Try bargain hunting on your next shopping trip. It's an exciting and practical way to make every dollar go further. You'll find your ability to get more for your money improving with every try. And remember, no matter what you need, or how much you want to spend, some store is always offering a bargain. It's up to you to recognize it.

Eggsactly

A MOVIE PRODUCER was showing a friend around the fancy chicken ranch he had just bought. "I've got 700 hens in there," bragged the producer, "the best in the West."

"Do they lay a lot of eggs?" his friend asked.

"With my money," said the producer, "they don't have to."

—SIDNEY SKOLSKY

SENATOR TOBEY was once asked whether the people from his part of the country said, "A hen lays, or a hen lies."

"The people where I come from," the Senator replied, "lift her up to see."

—MILTON WEISS

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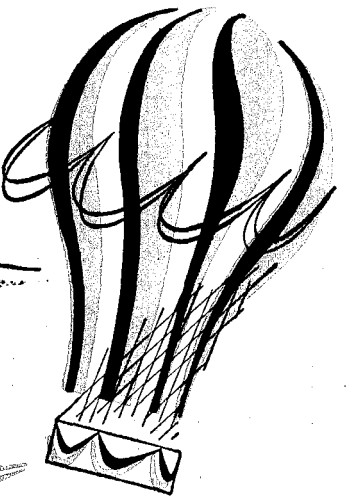
Travel Around the World



YOU CAN FIND familiar words in every part of the world when traveling, says Kathy Godfrey, star of the "Kathy Godfrey Show" (CBS Radio, 1:30-2 P.M. EST). Our guest quiz-mistress submits the list below as proof. Fill the word fitting the definition on the left into the spaces on the right. For example: To inquire. AL – – – A. The answer is ASK. Put this in the blanks; you get ALASKA. (Answers on page 72.)

1. Noah's refuge – – – ANSAS
2. Like – – IA
3. Not women YE – – –
4. Astride YUK
5. Née – – – – EO
6. Heavy weight ES – – – IA
7. Marry S – – EN
8. Acid MIS – – – – I
9. Winner – – – – – IA
10. Microbe – – – – ANY
11. Buddy NE – – –
12. Coldly S – – – – –
13. King of France – – – – – IANA
14. Queen of Scots – – – – LAND
15. Sailor ON – – – IO
16. Harbor – – – – UGAL
17. Chief – – – – E
18. Sacred Spot GIBR – – – – –
19. Red Man – – – – – A
20. Small nail LA – – – – OR
21. Musical note – – OS
22. Insanity TAS – – – – –
23. Uncooked SA – – – AK
24. Total – – – ATRA
25. Cooking utensil JA – – –
26. By way of LAT – – –
27. Fish's appendage – – – LAND
28. Enthusiasm NEW – – – – AND
29. Pack tightly – – – AICA
30. Sharp ache S – – – –
31. Sack TO – – – O
32. Two fives – – – NESSEE
33. Cheat E – – – T
34. Lair – – – MARK
35. Swamp – – – – – ALL
36. Able – – – ADA
37. Color of envy – – – – – LAND
38. Tony, Mary, Dean – – – – – – IQUE
39. Skillet – – – AMA
40. Lock opener TUR – – –
41. Kind of scholar – – – – – – IA
42. Evil BAR – – – OS

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During man's existence on our planet Mother Nature has rarely staged a show as terrifying as . . .

THE BLAST THAT

by NORMAN CARLISLE

IT WAS FOUR O'CLOCK on a calm June afternoon. Captain K. W. Perry on the bridge of the U. S. Revenue Cutter *Manning*, anchored in the harbor off Kodiak, Alaska, glanced skywards. Curiosity, then puzzlement, then shock, showed rapidly on his face.

A crewman beside him, mouth open with astonishment, muttered: "What is it, sir?"

Captain Perry shook his head. "Never saw anything like it."

In Kodiak, a few people had seen it too, and soon others were crowding into the streets to peer up at the evil black mushrooming cloud that was swiftly filling the sky with incredible darkness. Fear swept them as suddenly the air trembled with an ominous rumble of sound.

Thus Alaskans saw and heard evidences of history's greatest explosion on the North American continent, a blast so incredibly violent that even today's H-bombs seem like mere firecrackers by comparison. During man's existence on our planet nature has staged few shows so vast and terrifying.

The actual event had only a handful of eye-witnesses, two Indian families in Katmai village.

At three o'clock on the afternoon of June 6, 1912, they watched incredulously as the entire top of Mt. Katmai suddenly lifted upward in a volcanic spout of flame and smoke. Though 25 miles away, the Indians were hurled to the ground, to lie there stunned and unbelieving.

But Captain Perry and the citizens of Kodiak knew nothing of this when they saw the vast cloud sweeping toward them with frightening swiftness. Soon they were in pitch blackness, choked by swirling hot gray ash.

Aboard the *Manning*, where the electric lights were only feeble blobs of yellow, men stumbled against each other as they fought to get overboard the grim burden of gray dust that blanketed the craft. In spite of their furious efforts, it still piled up almost faster than shovels

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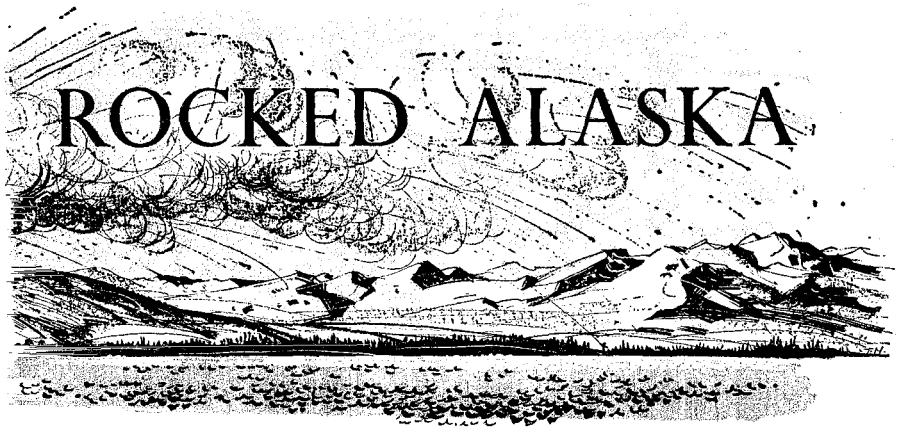

and fire hoses could clear it away.

In the town, the bell rang frantically in the little log church calling the people to pray. Added to its clangor, and the crash of thunder, was a new and terrifying sound—the crackle of breaking timbers as roofs crumpled under the weight of the hot ash.

Captain Perry ordered his men to round up all citizens and bring them to the comparative safety of the ship and a stoutly built warehouse. For 60 terrible hours they huddled in blackness so great that when lightning set fire to the wireless station a few hundred yards away, the flames were not even visible to them.

When the darkness at last lifted, they found themselves looking out over a hideous ghost world where the green of trees and grass had been replaced by gray pumice. Unmindful of their crushed homes, the citizens again crowded into the church, this time to give thanks, for not a one of them had lost his life.

On lonely islands and stretches of the coast nearer Katmai, others had suffered even more horrible experiences, which many of them never lived to tell. For at least 200 persons died, choked by the pumice or crushed in buildings.

Crouched in his cabin, a salmon fisherman wrote this last letter:

My dear wife Tania,

We are awaiting death at any moment. A mountain has burst and we are covered with ashes, in some places ten feet deep. Night and day we light lamps. It is terrible, and we are expecting death. We have no water. All the rivers are covered with ashes. Here are darkness and hell, thunder and noise. I do not know whether it is day or night. So kissing you and bless you both, goodbye. Perhaps we shall see each other again. God is merciful. Pray for us.

Your husband, Ivan Orloff

At other spots along the coast, violent earthquakes shook the earth. "The ground never ceased to move for 12 hours," said one report.

Out at sea, the crew of the mail ship *Dora* found themselves in

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blackness so utter that they could not even see the water at the ship's side. The temperature rose in the stifling dark shattered by the lurid glare of lightning. Out of it fell showers of birds, screaming above the roar of thunder.

Men choked and gasped as the gray stuff burned their eyes, filled their nostrils. There was no escaping it. The men in the engine room and the captain in the hot, closed pilot house struggled for breath.

The captain ordered the ship to head for open sea. Hour after hour she pushed on through the inferno, her men fighting the growing piles of ashes.

It was 12 hours before the vessel emerged from the dreadful darkness into a zone of red haze. After a time this changed to yellow. A few hours later, she burst out into a different world where the morning sun shone calmly in a placid sky.

Stories of great dust clouds in the heavens came in from all over the globe. Seven days after the explosion, the dust reached Algeria, 6,000 miles away, and was still so dense that a Smithsonian Institution expedition there had to suspend its solar observations.

Eventually men made their way to Katmai to stare in wonderment. The top of the mountain was gone, leaving an immense crater three miles wide and nearly half a mile deep. From this great hole had come the powdered earth—27 billion cubic yards of it!

Stretching out from the base of the shattered mountain, was the unearthly landscape that today startles visitors to Katmai National Monument—thousands upon thousands of miniature volcanoes, roaring and hissing in a vast inferno. A new natural wonder, the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes, had been created by the mighty blast that rocked Alaska.

Show Shopping

SUGGESTION for a new TV show: A panel show in which the panelists interview other panelists and try to guess which panel show they're on.
—*TV Guide*

THE SHOW "Oklahoma" was such a hit that they made a State out of it.
—HERB SHRINER

THE ART of acting consists of keeping people from coughing.
—SIR RALPH RICHARDSON

TALENT ALWAYS shows. I remember one night a magic act ahead of me was hissed off the stage. Then when I was half way through my act, the audience started hissing that magic act again. —BOB HOPE

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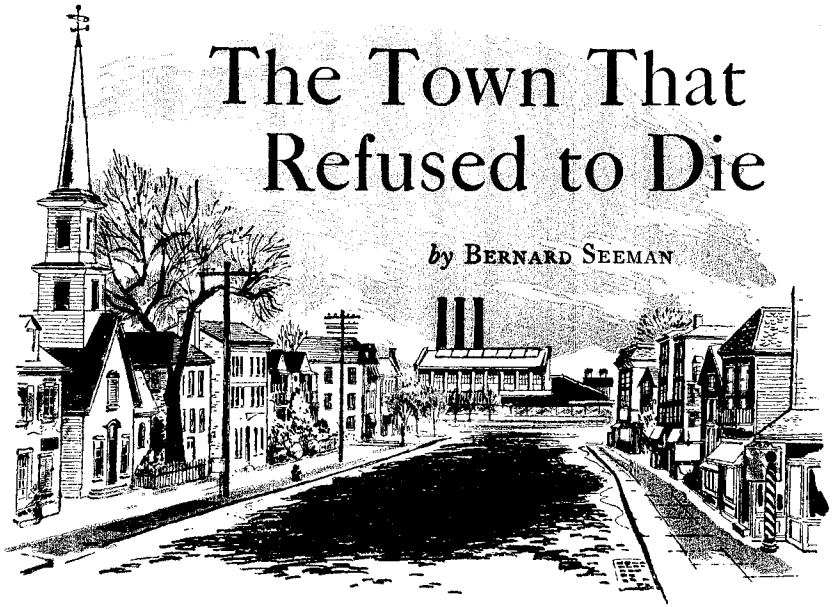

The Town That Refused to Die

by Bernard Seeman

Citizens' self-help brought a doomed city back to life

In August, 1954, the town of Sanford, a neat, slumless community of 15,567 in southern Maine, was abruptly sentenced to death. Its one main industry—the textile mills of the Goodall-Sanford Corporation which had provided the townsfolk with a livelihood for 87 years—was bought up by the expanding Burlington Mills in a swift stock market operation. The looms and dyeing vats of its modern plant moved South.

A few pulled up roots and sought new jobs and new lives elsewhere. But the overwhelming majority did not. Their common sentiment was expressed in a terse public announcement: "We refuse to die."

Today, little more than a year later, Sanford is on its way back. By mid-1955, seven new industries had been brought in. Of the 3,600-odd breadwinners left jobless by the closing of the mill, 1,400 are back at work in the town; 1,000 others have jobs within commuting distance. At the present rate, Sanford's program of full re-employment by this July will be achieved.

Sanford's people love their town, the fine schools and churches, the warmth and friendliness. This spirit made it possible for such diverse elements as businessmen and unemployed mill hands, bankers and union leaders to work together to save it.

About 75 per cent of the fam-

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ilies own their own homes. The population, almost evenly divided between citizens of Anglo-Saxon and French-Canadian descent, is thrifty and hardworking. These qualities not only helped tide them over the economic hardships, but also proved attractive to outside industrialists.

Sanford began preparing for its ordeal six months before the blow actually fell. This was due largely to three men: Carl J. Broggi, then a State Senator; Edwin M. Ballenger, owner of an automobile agency; and William F. Wright, Jr., publisher of the Sanford *Tribune*.

IN FEBRUARY CORONET

An intimate view of England's Royal Family at Sandringham, their country home, where they relax and play and where the public never sees them.

In January, 1954, these three men, aware that New England's growing textile crisis might engulf Sanford, organized one of the most unique Chambers of Commerce in the country. Its purpose was to make Sanford ready to deal with any situation which might endanger the town, and everyone was involved—professions as well as labor and the business community. Representatives of the local AFL Textile Union and the CIO Shoe Union (Sanford had a small shoe factory employing less than 800 people) sat on the board of directors with local bankers and businessmen.

In August, when Burlington began closing down the mills, Sanford was ready to act. Actually, Sanford was faced with two problems. It had to bring new industry into the town. Also, Sanford had to make it possible for the people to find a way to survive the period of hardship.

Unemployed mill hands volunteered to polish up the town to make it more attractive to prospective industrialists. The Chamber of Commerce, with a war chest of $25,000, began an all-out publicity campaign to attract manufacturers. They used letters, brochures and advertisements. Women volunteers got out a huge mailing to industrial leaders.

The Chamber of Commerce, meanwhile, interested an industrial development firm, L. Grossman & Sons Company of Quincy, Mass., in buying the three steel, concrete and glass factory buildings from Burlington Mills. The property, valued at over $2,600,000, sold for $525,000 and the space was put up for sale or rent to out of town manufacturers.

Once Grossman came into the picture, Sanford set up an Industrial Development Committee consisting of Carl Broggi, publisher "Bud" Wright and Louis Shapel, the Grossman Company representative in Sanford, to bring in new industries.

"Basically," relates Carl Broggi, "it was a matter of going out to the industrialists and knocking on their doors." No prospect was neglected.

This was no overnight task. Negotiations with the North Star Woolen Company of Lima, Ohio, for instance, took four months before the company came in.

Meanwhile, the Maine Employment Commission conducted a la-

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bor survey and gave aptitude tests to a cross section of the population.

"These tests were a big factor in bringing at least one new industry to town," explained Paul F. Webber, manager of the Sanford office of the Maine Employment Security Commission. "Over 200 applicants were given tests for finger dexterity. The results helped a dress manufacturer decide to open a factory in Sanford."

The town schools opened special classes to teach adults new skills required by incoming industries.

Sanford's first new industry was self-organized. Former employees of the Goodall-Sanford Carpet Division started raising money and the Seamloc Carpet Company was formed. With each employee an owner, Seamloc leased space in the empty factory and went into production early in 1955. Today a red Seamloc carpet graces the living room of the Eisenhower farm at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

From Massachusetts the Wasco Chemical Company moved to Sanford. After four months, their production was 50 per cent and the unit cost dropped 35 per cent over their previous records. "The workers did everything to help get us started," says a pleased official. "They didn't even need supervision."

However, some Sanford workers presented the town with a serious problem. These were older people who had spent their lives in the textile industry and would have had difficulty learning new skills. So the Industrial Development Committee went out after a textile company and in mid-July brought the North Star Woolen Company to Sanford.

In the meantime, while Sanford was fighting for its industrial life, its people were fighting for economic survival. Here, too, it was a community affair, people helping themselves—and also helping each other.

Many took jobs in nearby localities; those who couldn't get jobs received unemployment insurance. But basically, the people began making adjustments in their way of living.

"PEOPLE have stopped buying luxuries," reports Albert Guillemette, owner of an independent food store. "They buy economy cuts of beef, cake mixes instead of ready-baked cakes. They buy fewer exotic foods. Some ask for credit—but mostly they don't like to get in debt."

Clothing sales have fallen off somewhat. Beauty parlor business is down. Women are cutting their own hair, giving themselves home permanents. People are reading more, going out less.

There is some delinquency in paying old debts, adds banker Earl W. Glidden, "but we know the people and we don't press them."

Despite the business fall off, there were only four small business failures.

The health of the community has stood up well. Dr. Stephen A. Cobb —"Cobby" to the many Sanfordites he introduced into the world—who operates a private medical center said, "All patients are treated as private patients whether they pay or not. And that goes for major sur-

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gery. We know that ultimately they'll pay—or try to."

The town Selectmen, who are also Overseers of the Poor, increased the welfare budget from $48,500 in 1954 to $88,000 in 1955. Yet, in June of 1955 there were fewer welfare cases than there had been before the threatened economic crisis.

When the factory closed, Sanford applied to the Federal Government for surplus food—butter, cheese, beans, shortening, dehydrated milk and potatoes. This is obtained free, but Sanford must pay for shipping and storage. The food is distributed to welfare families, and to those receiving unemployment insurance who need it.

Sanford's people also help one another. Says blonde Barbara Harrison, an attractive young housewife, "There was a family in the neighborhood too proud to let on they needed help. A number of us pooled our extra pennies to get a food basket for them. We did such careful shopping that the storekeeper began to suspect what we were doing and he threw in a lot of things free.

"I even begged wood for some people," she recalls. "I didn't think I could beg for anything, but as long as it was for someone else, I discovered I could do it."

Barbara and her husband Winston, like their parents before them, both worked in the plant but Barbara left when her first child was born. By the time Burlington Mills took over, Winston had become a senior laboratory technician in the dyeing department and was a junior executive.

"I came home at noon the day I got my notice. Bruce was nine then, and when he heard I was out of work he burst into tears. 'Now that Daddy's lost his job, how are we going to eat?' "

Harrison went north to Caribou, Maine, with his family and got work helping harvest the potato crop.

"I worked from sunup to sundown and when it rained there was no pay, but I sure blessed those potatoes."

After the crop was in he returned to Sanford, collected unemployment insurance while looking for a job. One company wouldn't hire him as a laborer because of his executive background. "They couldn't understand that I was never too proud to feed my kids." Finally he got a job as sales manager with the Ballenger Auto Company.

"It was tough going," confesses Barbara, "especially with the two kids. But like everyone else, we learned to get by on what we had. Christmastime, the only gifts we bought were for the children. Things are easing up now—we're still in debt but we're paying off and the people here are very patient."

Also typical of Sanford is Sydney Waterhouse, a lean, sandy-haired man who looks younger than his 54 years. When the plant closed down he was a supervisor in the production department.

He went to Florida, hoping to get a job there, and stayed exactly a day and a half before returning to Sanford. "All my life is tied up in this town. When I was in Florida the thought struck me that I might

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get stuck there and not see Sanford again. So I came right back."

Unable to find work, he decided to go into business as a handyman, doing painting, carpentry, cleaning, gardening and general repairs. "I found out very quickly that we had to get along on less than what I'd been making as a supervisor—that I couldn't let my wife and daughter starve while I was waiting for the big job. Word spread around and soon I was getting lots of work. As a result I haven't needed unemployment insurance."

Sanford plans to do much more than merely rebuild itself. Publisher "Bud" Wright expresses the feelings of the community as a whole.

"We were subject to the whims, weaknesses and fluctuations of a single industry. That will never happen to us again. Now we are going to be diversified. We'd rather have a dozen different small industries than one big one. That way a single failure or shift won't be able to cripple us again. And it will also give our people a wider choice of careers. When we come out of this we'll be better off than we ever were before."

Sanford refused to die, true. But what is more to the point is that Sanford insisted on living and growing—and did everything necessary to achieve continued life and growth.

Several months ago a postal employee and an unemployed mill worker came up to the Chamber of Commerce and told Vice-President Wright: "We've been asking practically everybody for help, Bud, but we've gone and overlooked the most important help of all."

"Whom do you mean?" asked Wright.

"We've approached everybody but God. Don't you think it's about time we asked Him?"

So a day of prayer was set aside and, on that day, the people of Sanford in their various places of worship joined in asking the Lord to help them save their town.

For the Birds

A FRIEND OF MINE, living on the outskirts of a small Texas town, loved birds and was disturbed to note that the air guns of small boys were driving the birds away.

One day he staged a picnic for the boys right in the middle of his bird sanctuary. He had learned the name of each boy, and as a bird flew near, he would call, "Here, Tommy, here Tommy!" explaining to one of the lads—Tommy by name—that, "I named that bird after you because he is just like you. He's full of pep."

Before the day was over every boy found that a bird had been named after him.

From then on, not only was the bird life around my friend's home protected, but also that of the entire community. When a new boy joined the gang, he was taken immediately to my friend to have a bird named after him.

—J. VAN CHANDLER (*Rotarian*)

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The Fabulous Brazil-Nut

by MAURICE PAUL

Few who eat this familiar delicacy know the fascinating story of adventure and danger behind it

IT WAS FEBRUARY, 1942—summer in Brazil—and three men were sipping drinks outside a cafe in São Paulo when the waiter set a plate of large, oval-shaped, creamy white nuts on the table before them. One of the men reached for a nut and nibbled experimentally at a corner.

"Why, this is delicious!" he said. "What is it called, waiter?"

"I am not certain, *señhor*, it is a new nut," the waiter replied. "I believe it is called the English-nut."

"No, it is the American-nut," the second man insisted. "I remember seeing them at Christmas time when I was in New York."

The third man was equally sure he had tasted them when he attended the Industrial Fair at Leipzig and that they were called German-nuts.

Strange as it may seem, the nut is called everything by South Americans except the name the rest of the world uses—the Brazil-nut. And there are still millions of Brazilians who have never tasted, seen or heard of it.

Although the Brazil-nut is the only product exported by Brazil which bears that country's name as part of its own, it has been consumed in the country of its origin under the impression that it is a foreign importation.

The reason for this seeming contradiction, itself, sounds contradictory. The nut has been consistently exported to Great Britain, Germany and other European countries since 1633. After World War II, a large share of the annual crop was shipped to the United States, as well, where, as in other countries, the raw nuts were shelled and reshipped throughout the world.

When World War II compelled the allies to use all their available shipping space for vital war materials, traders in the nut set up their own shelling plants and began introducing the Brazil-nut to more Brazilians.

The Brazil-nut is the world's most

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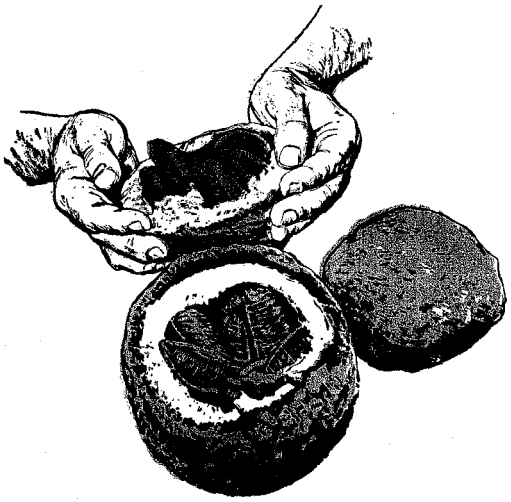

fabulous nut—fabulous in the manner of its growth, its gathering, its distribution and the perils associated with bringing it out of the Amazon jungle where it thrives.

Actually, it is not a nut at all but the seed of the Brazil-nut tree. The fruit from which it is derived resembles a coconut in size and shape and has an exceedingly hard, woody outer shell about one quarter of an inch thick.

This pod weighs two to four pounds, and is so hard and durable that an iron-rimmed cartwheel may run over it and still not crack it. The native Indians use the pods as pots, pans and drinking vessels.

The Brazil-nut tree is the giant of the Amazon rain-country. It grows straight up for about 150 feet to stand like a sentinel above the roof of the tropic forest. Its circumference reaches about six feet at the base and it sends out no branches until it has towered above all the other surrounding trees. This tremendous height, girth and lack of branches makes it almost impossible to climb.

The tree usually grows in small clumps and is especially abundant near rivers and streams—the only means of transportation in the comparatively railroadless Amazon valley.

About 12 to 25 seeds, each in its own woody container, are compactly nested together inside each pod like the segments of an orange. Once removed, they can never again be replaced as snugly as nature had originally ordered them.

Aside from its use as a food, the Brazil-nut is crushed to express its valuable oil which is used by the natives for cooking and illumination. More and more uses for the nut are being sought in recently-built laboratories in Brazil.

Although the Dutch were shipping the "wild oil fruit" out of the country more than three centuries ago, nobody has ever successfully "domesticated" the Brazil-nut tree in the western hemisphere. Some experts believe that the *cotia*, the Amazonian hare, is chiefly responsible for the propagation of the giant trees. The little animal instinctively gathers fallen nuts and buries them throughout the depths of the forest, thus helping to germinate new growth throughout the years. Nobody knows how many millions of the trees there are in inaccessible parts of the jungle.

The Brazil-nut tree grows about one foot in its first year and then shoots up another 20 feet in the next four years. The mature tree produces creamy white flowers, somewhat like our hydrangeas, a

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year before the fruit appears. Thus, the blossoms for next year's fruit are on the trees while the current year's fruit is hanging from the branches. A tree will yield a half-ton of nuts in a single season.

Native Indian nut-gatherers, called *castanheiros*, collect the pods after the high winds of year's end hurl them to the jungle floor with the fury of a cannon barrage. It would be worth the life of a *castanheiro* to be near a tree when the pods are falling.

But that is not the only danger he faces when he starts into the jungle to seek out the giant trees. The innumerable rivers and tributaries of the Amazon country swarm with the voracious *piranha*, the world's fiercest fish. So vicious are these fish that they will rise suddenly from the bottom of a river and literally lunge out of the water to bite off a finger, hand or toe. A school of them has been known to reduce a man to a skeleton in less than five minutes.

In the shallow water near the river bank lurks the dreaded electric eel, a three-footer monster capable of fatally shocking a human being with its powerful electrical discharge.

On the bank, the nut gatherer must look carefully about him lest he serve as a repast for the 18-foot water boa, the jaguar and the 20-foot anaconda which can crush a man in a moment.

At night, when the nut-gatherer tries to get some sleep, he must remain alert to all these dangers plus a new menace—the vampire bat. If he ignores that curiously cool, tickling sensation in his foot, he may be so drained of blood as to perish in his jungle bed.

The greatest irony of all is that quite often the *castanheiro* manages to survive all these perils only to be killed by a falling pod. Yet, with the coming of each season, they enter once again on their rounds of death to gather the fabulous Brazil-nut which, until after World War II, many Brazilians had never heard of, never saw and never tasted.

Travel Around the World

(Answers to quiz on page 61)

1. Arkansas; 2. Asia; 3. Yemen; 4. Yukon; 5. Borneo; 6. Estonia; 7. Sweden; 8. Missouri; 9. Victoria; 10. Germany; 11. Nepal; 12. Sicily; 13. Louisiana; 14. Maryland; 15. Ontario; 16. Portugal; 17. Maine; 18. Gibraltar; 19. Indiana; 20. Labrador; 21. Laos; 22. Tasmania; 23. Sarawak; 24. Sumatra; 25. Japan; 26. Latvia; 27. Finland; 28. New Zealand; 29. Jamaica; 30. Spain; 31. Tobago; 32. Tennessee; 33. Egypt; 34. Denmark; 35. Marshall; 36. Canada; 37. Greenland; 38. Martinique; 39. Panama; 40. Turkey; 41. Rhodesia; 42. Barbados

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How Does *Your* Child Compare?

A CHILD PSYCHOLOGIST EXPLAINS HOW TO DETERMINE WHETHER OR NOT YOUR OFFSPRING'S PUZZLING BEHAVIOR IS NORMAL

by MARIE ROBINSON, M.D.

MANY AMERICAN PARENTS today are badly scared about their children. Frightening headlines on juvenile delinquency, and floods of literature on the proper and improper methods of child-rearing have caused them to doubt their ability to judge whether or not their own children are psychologically sound.

Doctors receive innumerable visits from these confused parents who worry about the most trifling symptoms shown by their child. Only recently, for example, an intelligent and charming mother of three children came to me dreadfully upset because her seven-year-old son had taken a ball from a store counter. She was certain this indicated that he was a juvenile delinquent in need of immediate psychiatric treatment if a criminal career was to be avoided.

When I asked what she had done about it, she looked at me in surprise and said virtuously: "Why I called *you* at once, of course."

I reassured her that her son's misconduct was well within the normal range of boyhood experimentation at his age, and not necessarily symptomatic of juvenile delinquency. And I was able, not without difficulty, finally to convince her that the real problem was her own inability to cope with it in a common sense manner, *i.e.*, facing up to his misdeed by sending the boy back at once to the store with the purloined article, or some other form of correction she deemed adequate.

Obviously, what many, many American parents need is to be briefed on what is normal conduct for their children. The best yardstick for gauging your child is to compare him to an average or norm. The following series of characteristics—agreed upon by experts in the related fields of pediatrics, child psychiatry and experimental psychology—are true of children within the normal psychological range at various ages.

If properly used, I believe these listings could help restore to many parents a confidence in their ability

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to gauge situations, unless they are strongly out of the ordinary.

To One Year of Age

During his first year, a child will still compare favorably with others of his age group though he may:

1. Bang his head on his crib frequently.
2. Suck his thumb for long periods of time.
3. In a kneeling position, rock backward and forward for long periods of time.
4. Say few intelligible words.
5. Scream and show fear of objects or people he is not used to seeing.
6. Become frightened of loud noises.
7. Tremble, for no apparent reason, in his arms, legs and chin.

One to Two Years

Many parents feel that the characteristics shown during this period will be permanent features of their child's personality. Most of these traits are transitory, however, and soon pass on to other characteristics. During these two years a child will still compare favorably with others of his age group though he may:

1. Scream when mother goes out of sight.
2. Seem to have less appetite than formerly, and clearly dislike certain foods.
3. Show a capacity to bully, and even attempt to hurt, other children.
4. Get great delight in using bathroom words like: "You're a big duty."
5. Try to bite when angry.
6. Need a favorite toy to sleep with.
7. Show signs of terror at night and require a constant dim light.
8. Love to play with dirty things and under unsanitary conditions—in gutters, sweepings, mud, etc.
9. Have temper tantrums, including throwing self on floor, kicking, holding breath and turning bright scarlet.
10. Show jealousy of younger brother or sister by attempting to strike or bite them, or by regressing to an earlier age level of conduct as if to displace them.
11. Imitate, even though he is a boy, mother's chores including putting on her apron, dusting, vacuuming.
12. Rarely play with other children; seem to prefer just watching the others play.
13. Get easily bored with toys and want to play with adult objects, such as purses, cigarettes, wrist watches and typewriters.

Three to Five Years

During this period a child will compare favorably with others though he may:

1. Use bed-wetting to get attention.
2. Become extremely bossy and say "no" to practically all suggestions. (This may even start

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as early as the age of two.)

3. Behave with one parent but try to create scenes when both are present.
4. Stutter rather markedly at times.
5. Hold on to mother's skirt, bury his head against her leg and generally act mawkish and shy before strangers.
6. Show fear, and even scream, at sight of animals, fire engines, railroad trains, crippled people.
7. Play at killing playmates, parents and relatives with great delight.
8. Tattle a great deal.
9. Show much interest and curiosity about death, or show fear of the idea.
10. Speak to grownups with disrespect; call them names such as "you stinky, you bum."
11. Exhibit little modesty about handling genitals.
12. Go through a period of constant exploration and curiosity about own and opposite sex's genitals.
13. Exaggerate enormously about self and parents ("My daddy can lick anybody in the world." "I have an airplane.")
14. Have vivid imagination and make up invisible playmates, or create adventures which he seems to believe in implicitly and resents any denial of from others.

Five to Ten or Twelve Years

This age is marked by extremes of behavior. It is a time of tremendous development and learning. Contrasts of mature activity and infantile conduct must be expected. Progress is erratic and in spurts. During this stage a child will still be within the normal range even if he:

1. Seems to be highly emotional and cries explosively and unexpectedly.
2. At about nine, is clearly ashamed, before friends, of his family and his home.
3. Leaves the group he is playing with abruptly if things are not going his way.
4. Has many bodily complaints to keep from doing chores, school work, etc.
5. Has laughing jags verging on hysterics.
6. Is terribly upset by little mistakes he makes such as misspelling words, forgetting orders given to him, striking out in baseball.
7. Plays only with his own sex.
8. At seven, is self conscious when nude, especially in the presence of the parent of the opposite sex.
9. Bites his fingernails.
10. Doesn't like being kissed in public.
11. Stops being a "good boy" and insists on having bad table manners, dirty hands and sloppy dress.
12. Shows great concern with what his friends say about him.
13. Refuses to go to bathroom in school.
14. May have a short period of petty stealing.
15. Delights in make-believe violence—games of "cops 'n' rob-

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bers," "cowboys 'n' Indians."
16. Shows complete absorption in radio, TV, comics and movies, and cannot seem to hear when spoken to.
17. Becomes interested in dirty words and dirty jokes and enjoys peeping.
18. Seems unable to sit still. Shows great restlessness; numerous small gestures such as picking cuticles or twirling buttons.
19. Shows intense love and hate of same person within short period of time.

A CHILD MAY SHOW some or all of these characteristics without parents giving them a worried thought. But a child may need psychiatric help if:

1. He requires persistent punishment for really serious things such as maliciously destroying valuable household objects, setting fires, etc.
2. Extreme jealousy toward a young child continues for a long time. (This period varies according to the age of the older child when the younger one is born.)
3. Regular bed wetting continues after the age of four or five.
4. Stuttering continues past the age of five.
5. He does not play with other children at all, after five, and instead continues to spend a large part of the day with imaginary animals and people.
6. Never plays with children his own age or older, but *always* with younger children.
7. Continues to play with his bowel movements after the age of four.
8. Has frequent nightmares or walks in his sleep.
9. Masturbates openly after the age of six.
10. Develops bathroom rituals such as excessive hand-washing, or insists on supervising the cleanliness of those who prepare his food.
11. A normal short period of stealing continues and more value is placed on the stolen objects.
12. Despite normal intelligence, is failing in school.
13. Is arrested for such obvious delinquent acts as group robbing or group attacking older people.
14. By the age of eight or nine, shows no knowledge of right and wrong. This is generally indicated by an indifferent attitude when apprehended in some clearly-punishable act.
15. Has intense fears which do not seem to modify with age—fear of animals, thunderstorms.

No attempt has been made here to describe *why* children exhibit these various traits, or *how* they should be handled; but only to indicate, in a general way, *when* this behavior should or should not cause concern.

The problems of when to praise and when to blame, when to be stern and when to be soft and forgiving are difficult enough. They become almost impossible if parents have no knowledge of the difference between conduct that merely indicates Johnny is growing up and conduct that indicates he may have a problem that calls for expert help.

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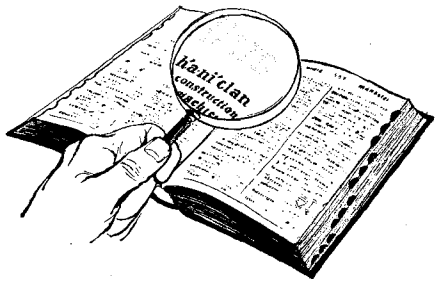
Sharpen Your Word Sense!



by ROGER B. GOODMAN

HAVEN'T YOU often thought, "If only I had the words to express what I feel!" or, "If only I could write it in the proper words!" Well, here's a chance for you to sharpen your word sense. Below is a passage from the works of a noted author, with certain words missing. Fill in the blanks with *your* choice from the list below. Then turn to page 137 and check your words with the writer's.

LIKE NOISELESS nautilus shells, their light prows 1_____ through the seas; but only slowly they 2_____ the foe. . . . At length the 3_____ hunter came so nigh his seemingly unsuspecting prey, that his entire 4_____ hump was distinctly visible, 5_____ along the sea. . . . He saw the 6_____, involved wrinkles of the slightly 7_____ head beyond. Before it, far out on the soft waters, went the 8_____ white shadow from his broad, 9_____ forehead, a 10_____ rippling 11_____ accompanying the shade; and behind, the blue waters interchangeably flowed over into the moving valley of his 12_____ wake; and on either hand bright bubbles arose and 13_____ by his side. But these were broken again by the light toes of hundreds of 14_____ fowl softly 15_____ the sea with their 16_____ flight; and like to some flag-staff arising from the painted hull of an argosy, the tall but 17_____ pole of a recent lance projected from the White Whale's back; and at intervals one of the cloud of soft-toed fowls 18_____, and to and fro 19_____ like a 20_____ over the fish, silently perched and rocked on this pole, the long tail feathers streaming like pennons.

Choose one word from each line of this list:

1. went, sped, hurried
2. came to, neared, went up to
3. breathless, daunted, quiet
4. big, strange, dazzling
5. moving, dancing, sliding
6. large, big, vast
7. abutting, projecting, monstrous
8. glistening, snow, pure
9. bony, bare, milky
10. musical, plain, simple
11. loudly, effectively, playfully
12. lashing, formidable, steady
13. danced, appeared, moved
14. raucous, gay, wild
15. fluttering, patterning, feathering
16. annoying, fitful, exotic
17. leaning, shattered, cracked
18. hovering, halting, stopping
19. swooshing, skimming, racing
20. roof, tent, canopy

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KRINGLE

by SHIRLEY *and* LOUIS SIDRAN

Wherever Danish people meet, this delicate, rare-tasting pastry, made of 53 layers, is a symbol of hospitality

MAMIE EISENHOWER HAS a most gracious custom: whenever she learns of a fellow American attaining the age of 90, she sends a birthday greeting. The father-in-law of Bill Nielsen, a retired policeman from Racine, Wisconsin, received one recently. Deeply touched, Bill sent the First Lady a gift to express his appreciation of her neighborly gesture. The gift was a *kringle.*

While this may seem puzzling to outsiders, to the 78,000 residents of Racine it was apt indeed. For in Racine, home of the largest percentage of Danes outside Denmark itself, the kringle has long been unrivaled as the most versatile and expressive of pastries—so noble it graces the finest party tables, so democratic it is the necessary ingredient of every coffee break. It has even lent its name to the city's western residential area—affectionately known as "Kringleville."

Kringle is a large, pretzel-shaped Danish pastry so steeped in Old World legend that its origins have become obscured. Of rare taste and texture, it has a lightness and flakiness so delicate as to make an American sweet roll or coffee cake seem cloddish by comparison. Sweet, though not too sweet, it is to Danes a symbol of their very way of life, plus a testimonial to their justly-won fame as pastry bakers. Wherever they congregate, kringle stands

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for gemütlichkeit: it makes the party. It is the sincere gesture of hospitality and friendship.

Significantly, kringle has resisted all attempts to mass-produce it. Because it simply cannot be baked by machine methods—at least not to the satisfaction of true believers—the American kringle baker rates alongside his Danish forebears as a culinary artist.

Every one of Racine's kringle bakers brings to his craft records of intensive training in the European tradition and techniques.

Strangely, though kringle is as Danish as Copenhagen, it was apparently first baked in Vienna. Danish bakers, taking continental tours as the final step in their schooling, discovered the pastry and introduced it to Denmark. The Viennese origin of the pastry is still credited in the expression, *Viener Brod*, by which Danish oldsters still refer to kringle or, more specifically, the kringle dough.

Kringle becomes kringle only after filling has been added and the pastry is given its characteristic pretzel shape. Since any kind of fruit or nut can be used for filling, the number of kringle flavors is extensive, with pecan and almond most popular, followed by raspberry, pineapple, strawberry and blueberry.

A large kringle serves 18-20 and a "small" kringle 10-12—each piece just the proper size to accompany a cup of coffee or a scoop of ice cream.

THE CHRISTMAS SEASON is the busiest of all for Racine's famous kringle bakers. Local manufacturers buy them by the thousands for distribution to employees along with the traditional turkeys and hams. In Denmark, where kringle has always been considered something of a luxury, it is seldom served except at Christmas, Easter or on someone's birthday. In Racine, however, where kringle is as common as coffee, it has less of a holiday aura.

The secret of kringle baking is in the dough, which is made with butter *rolled in*, not mixed. By the time the baker finishes folding the dough and butter, there are 53 layers altogether.

Although considerable skill is required to produce a kringle in the grand tradition, the average home baker can achieve excellent results with a little patience and care. The special "touch" which distinguishes the kringle genius from the ordinary artisan may prove elusive, of course. Yet kringle experts insist that with the proper experience this, too, can be captured.

For the more venturesome home bakers, there is a special cut-down recipe on the following page designed to produce four kringles.

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The filling will be a matter of personal choice. Pick your favorite, using about an equal amount of filling and dough if you prefer your kringle extra sweet; if not, use only half as much filling as much filling as dough.

DOUGH FOR KRINGLES:

1 cup cold milk
2 cakes yeast
2 eggs
½ tsp. salt
½ cup sugar
½ cup butter
2 cups flour (about)
Flavor (lemon grating or cardamom)

FILLING FOR KRINGLES:

½ lb. soft butter
1 lb. brown sugar
½ tsp. cinnamon
½ tsp. salt.

METHOD OF PREPARING FILLING:

Mix ingredients until smooth and fluffy. For almond filling, add ½ cup of almond paste to one cup of filling. Work to a smooth paste.

METHOD OF HANDLING DOUGH:

Mix ingredients to a medium dough, not too soft. Spread dough to 8"x12" size, on a flour-dusted table. Dab ½ lb. margarine mixed with ½ lb. butter on two thirds of the dough, fold over 3 times and roll out to same size 8" x 12". Repeat this twice. Refrigerate dough at least 2 hours. Take out and cut in four strips lengthways. For four kringles, roll out strips in length about 18" x 2½". Spread filling in the middle and fold over. Sprinkle with any kind of fruit or nut. Form to the shape of kringle. Let sit in warm place for 45 minutes and rise. Brush over with egg and milk mixture. Sprinkle with granulated sugar and crushed nuts. Bake at 380 degrees to light brown, about 10 to 15 minutes.

Scandalous

A FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD director came back from the club car to turn in for the night and was surprised to find two lovely girls in his berth. Checking their tickets, the girls discovered that they had boarded the wrong train. Upset, they asked if they might remain in the berth anyway.

The director carefully explained that he was a married man, a national personality, a respected man in the industry and he couldn't afford the slightest touch of scandal.

"I'm sorry," he finished, "but one of you will have to leave."

—ARLENE KATZ

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I Remember Fiorello

by ERNEST CUNEO

In 1931 while he worked as a reporter by day, and studied law at night, Ernest Cuneo met Fiorello LaGuardia and the two men started a lifelong friendship. Cuneo was decorated for OSS service in World War II. He still practices law and is also President of the North American Newspaper Alliance.

WHEN I STARTED WORKING for Fiorello LaGuardia, I was a law student awaiting admission to the Bar. Fiorello held an enviable position at the time: He controlled the balance of power in the 77th Congress. His bewildering footwork was beyond the comprehension of President Hoover—and some of his pronouncements were equally a mystery to me.

Money meant absolutely nothing to him. "Do you know who the wealthiest man in the world is?" he asked me once. "Gandhi. The only thing he owns is a sheet. And nobody would think of depriving him of it."

Fiorello had very little use for bookmakers because they battened on a human weakness. He had a scheme for ruining bookmaking once and for all: Everybody should bet. Those who won would insist on being paid off, and those who lost would refuse to pay up.

"That'd fix 'em," he said.

LaGuardia sometimes patronized a modest upstairs speak-easy after a particularly hard day's work. He was a violent opponent of Prohibition and made no bones about it.

When he first invited me to accompany him, his words on entering were, "I'll have a license up on that mirror again in a year." This grumbled promise seemed to ease a slight twinge of conscience.

Before ordering, he said, "Ernest, what do you drink when you drink with your father?"

"My father doesn't drink."

"That settles it," he said. And to the bartender: "Give this boy a ginger ale, and me an Old Fashioned."

Though I very seldom drank, I told Fiorello heatedly that I often had a drink, and an Old Fashioned at that, and if it was all the same to him I'd have one right now.

He looked at me quizzically for a moment and apparently something in my rebellious face made him change his mind. He gave the

From *Life With Fiorello* by Ernest Cuneo. Published by Macmillan Co. Copyright, 1955, by Ernest Cuneo.

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bartender the slightest nod of acquiescence.

The drinks arrived. We drank in silence and I felt pretty good about things until he turned to me and said sternly, "Now, I'm going to have another one and you're *not*."

When we left, Fiorello said, "Good night, Ernest. And behave yourself, or I'll tell your father."

We laughed and parted.

In his public life, Fiorello never lost the common touch. As 1932 groaned in, with bread lines multiplying daily, many people came to his office for help. One cold winter night a big man in blue overalls appeared. He had walked down from Harlem to see Mr. LaGuardia, he said, because his kids were freezing, the gas had been turned off and he needed a quarter.

Baseball crowds loved to watch him mug.

At the mention of the cold kids, Fiorello's hand was on his wallet. But, abruptly, he started to give the man hell. He said that even if the kids were warm they would still be hungry. It was a strange performance. I think Fiorello had been torn inside by the story, and got mad so he would not cry.

He handed the man some bills and told him to get home fast. Then he suddenly asked if the gas company had given him any notice.

The man said no, none.

Fiorello took down his name and address and curtly motioned him out.

As soon as the man was gone, disregarding the lateness of the hour, Fiorello called the Public Service Commissioner in Albany. Miles of insulation must have peeled off the telephone wires from the blast that went over them.

Within an hour, an emergency crew turned on the man's gas and he telephoned to express in a heavy, inarticulate way, his gratitude.

Fiorello listened impatiently for a moment, then snapped: "Now make sure those kids get fed. If you can't . . . come and see me again." And he slammed down the receiver.

One afternoon a young man asked to see Congressman LaGuardia, refusing to state his business or name or to speak with anyone else. He was still there, waiting, when the office closed.

As we went out the door, he

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dropped into step beside us. "Mr. LaGuardia," he said solemnly as we walked, "a dog bit me."

"He did?" said Fiorello incredulously. "Did you get his name?"

"No," said the young man, "I didn't."

"Well," said Fiorello, "how can I do anything for you if you don't know the dog's name?"

"I guess you're right," the young man said soberly. "I should have gotten his name."

LaGuardia nodded vigorously and the young man walked away deep in thought.

LaGuardia's lifetime devotion to aviation began when he was counsel for an airplane company. Within a couple of years he had learned to fly. When World War I came he was appointed Commanding Officer of the U. S. Air Branch on the Italian-Austrian front.

After the war, he heatedly supported Billy Mitchell's thesis that the air age was not only here to stay but that air power was the country's chief military weapon of offense and defense.

In 1925, he somehow contrived to appear before Mitchell's court-martialing board to deliver a fiery tirade. A senior general questioned the propriety of statements Fiorello had made to the press. "Are you quoted correctly in the newspapers, sir," he growled, "in calling me nothing but a be-ribboned dog robber?"

"No, sir," snapped Fiorello, glaring back. "I was not aware you had any ribbons."

At exactly midnight on January 1, 1934, Fiorello H. LaGuardia took

Even smoking was a theatrical gesture.

the oath of office as Mayor of New York City. At exactly one minute after midnight, he ordered the arrest of the most notorious gangster in town—Lucky Luciano. This jet-propelled momentum never let up during the next 12 years.

Girl laundry workers went on strike because they were badly underpaid and their working conditions were very poor. Fiorello became their vigorous champion. Under the guise of keeping order, he practically blockaded the laundries with squads of police.

The laundry owners came to City Hall to protest that he was interfering in a labor dispute, and that the city was supposed to be neutral. Fiorello heartily agreed. The labor-union leader tried to say something,

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but Fiorello told him to shut up.

The laundry owners then produced a written request that the city withdraw all support from either side. Almost instantly, Fiorello announced that the application was granted; the city henceforth would be absolutely neutral. Thereupon he picked up the telephone and blandly ordered the Water Commissioner to turn off the water in all laundries, since the city was neutral in the fight.

The laundry owners gave up on the spot.

AS MAYOR, LaGuardia insisted on City Hall support for honest cops. Early in his administration, a physician who was a casual personal acquaintance got a ticket for illegal parking. The doctor forcefully told the young patrolman that the ticket was unacceptable, whereupon the boy arrested him and brought him to the station house.

The physician reported this grievous act to Fiorello who called the station house and asked to speak to the young patrolman. The captain of the precinct came on, all apologies, instead. He explained that the rookie just hadn't known any better.

Fiorello hit the ceiling. "He's a better cop than you are," he stormed, "and I called up to tell him I am sending him a box of cigars. He's the kind of cop I want—and you're not!"

The rookie got his cigars, delivered significantly by the Mayor's car, and Fiorello very nearly broke the captain.

The Mayor's office gave LaGuardia plenty of opportunity to indulge his fondness for the spotlight. Conducting the combined Police and Sanitation departments' bands to a capacity Carnegie Hall audience was meat and drink to him.

Before this stupendous spectacle got under way, the stage manager asked Fiorello how he wanted the spotlights used. "Shall I play them on you as you come down the aisle, and follow you right up to the podium, Mr. Mayor?"

"Hell no!" said Fiorello. "Just treat me like Toscanini!"

Colonel David "Mickey" Marcus, who served as Fiorello's Commissioner of Correction, discovered when World War II came along that he couldn't really get away from LaGuardia anywhere. Mark Clark had just taken over Naples and Marcus was made military governor. He received a cablegram from Fiorello reading: "Reliably informed 150,000 women and children without shoes Naples area. Demand explanation."

Mickey cabled back: "We took over this city only 24 hours ago and we sure as hell didn't steal them."

He received this tart reply: "I want a good explanation, not a poor excuse."

As head of UNRRA, LaGuardia's slapdash ebullience saved precious weeks and miles of red tape. In a critical situation, cotton was needed—a very substantial quantity of it. Peru, he was told, had cotton for sale.

Negotiations through the usual channels was too slow a procedure for Fiorello; he wanted the cotton at once. He got it, too—horse trad-

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ing via long distance with the President of Peru, Manuel Pradoy Ugarteche. He threw diplomatic protocol out the window by beginning the conversation: "Hello, Manny. Listen—"

The last time I saw Fiorello was in Paris in the summer of 1946—a little over a year before he died. When I walked into his characteristically plain office at UNRRA, I didn't like the way he looked. I had often seen him tired, but some of the old resilience seemed to have gone.

On the surface, though, nothing had changed. He had heard how I had come to Paris, and before I could say hello he wanted to know where I got off grabbing an Army plane for myself, and who did I think I was, anyway?

We talked about his work with UNRRA, and the political scene back home. When I stood up to go, he paused at the door and said, "Do you know where you are?"

"Well sure," I said, completely at sea.

"I'll tell you where you are. You are in Paris. In *Paris*," he growled, gripping my arm. "So you behave yourself, Ernest. Or I'll tell your father!"

Think of a Card

HERE'S WHAT THE WORLD'S been waiting for—a cardless card trick. All you need do is ask someone to think of any card in the deck, giving the value of 11 to a Jack, 12 to a Queen, 13 to a King and 1 to an Ace. Now you will guarantee in only one quick trick to tell him what card he is thinking of.

Here's the technique:

1. Think of a card.
2. Now add the number of the card next higher in sequence. (If he's thinking of a King, add 14.)
3. Multiply the result by 5.
4. Now recall to him the old auction bridge value of the suits: Clubs, 6—Diamonds, 7—Hearts, 8—Spades, 9; and tell him to add the value of the suit to his total.
5. Ask for his result.
6. Mentally deduct 5, and tell him the card he thought of.

Example:

Suppose he thinks of the 9 of Diamonds	9
1. He adds the next card higher in sequence	10
	19
2. Multiply by 5	5
	95
3. Add the suit value (Diamonds—7)	7
	102
4. As soon as you hear 102, subtract 5	5
And you get 97.	

The first figure tells you the card he was thinking of. The second figure shows you the suit it was in.

—ROYAL VALE HEATH, *MathEMagic* (Dover Publications, Inc.)

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AFTER WEARING MYSELF OUT for years turning the pages of the heavy wallpaper sample books, I discovered how to hurry the final choice when the customer had narrowed it to two or three patterns. I would point to one and say, "I'm sorry, but I'll have to see if we have enough of that one in stock." Immediately this pattern became the choice.

I would then go to the back room, where I knew there was plenty. When I returned with it a look of relief would spread over the customer's face and the sale would be made in no time.—MRS. R. E. MUTCH in *Rotarian*

THE MANAGER of a supermarket raised the price of a 14c item to two for 29c—and sales went up 84 per cent. —*Coffee Cup*

A CHILDREN'S DENTIST in Clayton, Missouri, Roy M. Wolff, decided that strangers in white automatically frighten youngsters, so he set about doing away with white in his office. At work, he dresses in green shoes, yellow trousers and a colored sport shirt; his girl assistant wears blue shoes and blue jumpers; the office walls are painted in soft pastel shades. Says he: "The psychological effect is terrific!" —*Town Journal*

ALMOST A CENTURY and a quarter ago, New York's new penny paper, *The Sun*, carried an ad reading: "A number of steady men can find employment by vending this paper. A liberal discount is allowed to those who buy to sell again."

This revolutionary new method of increasing circulation was the idea of Benjamin Day, publisher. Among the first applicants was a small boy named Barney Flaherty.

"But I advertised for grown men," Day told the youngster.

"I know," Barney said, "but I'm sure I can handle it."

The publisher was so impressed by the boy's sincerity that he gave him a job. Barney walked from the office with a bundle of newspapers under his arm and shortly New Yorkers heard the first cry of, "Paper! Get your *Sun* here! Paper!"

Next day he was at a downtown street-corner, again hawking papers. People stopped and stared, then bought. Little Barney Flaherty, America's first newsboy, had set a pattern for what would become an American institution. —*Swing*

IN REPLY TO A WANT AD for an office boy which appeared recently in a Los Angeles newspaper, one youth showed up at the appointed time only to find a long line of hopefuls already ahead of him. Quickly he wrote this note and handed it to a secretary for immediate delivery to the boss:

"I'm the last boy in the line.

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Don't do anything until you get to see me."

He got the job. —*Wall Street Journal*

AT BREAKFAST in a certain California city, a tourist asked a busboy if the restaurant served fresh orange juice.

"No," he replied, "only frozen." A second later his eyes lit up and he clarified his statement; "But it's fresh frozen." —GARY STEVENS

A SIDEWALK FLOWER VENDOR was not doing any business. Suddenly a happy thought struck him and he put up this sign: "This gardenia will make you feel important all day long for 10 cents."

All at once his sales began to increase.

—JAMES KELLER, *Just For Today* (Doubleday & Co., Inc.)

WHEN he unavoidably loses a customer because the service islands are filled, gas station operator Richard G. Small of Portland, Maine, notes the license number as the car pulls away. Then when things quiet down, he sends the driver a letter of apology. It works!

—*Pathfinder*

ONE DAY while mailing routine advertising brochures, an enterprising secretary I know decided to see what would happen if she sent out several hundred envelopes completely empty. Next day the phones began jangling as customers who ordinarily would have discarded the advertising matter without a glance called to find out what had been forgotten. The secretary was quick to seize this opportunity to give detailed information, create interest —and take orders.

—MRS. D. E. WINDEN in *Rotarian*

AN ENTERPRISING shoe store owner in New York decided to try an experiment. He put two identical pairs of shoes in his show window side by side, and above them a sign reading: "There is absolutely no difference between these shoes. One pair is priced at $6.95, and the other at $12.95. We just want to see which price you prefer."

Three of every four women suspected trickery and insisted upon buying the shoes for $12.95.

—A. M. A. *Journal*

WHEN RUSSELL HAMMOND recently sold his home in Mt. Kisco, New York, the new owner received more than he had actually bought. A month before the newcomer moved in, Mr. Hammond introduced him to twenty of his future neighbors at a get-acquainted party. Mr. Hammond also re-seeded the lawn and planted the garden—a purely voluntary but much appreciated gesture of friendliness that really said "hello" to the newcomer.

—*Guideposts*, Carmel, New York

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The Miracle of

by MARIAN *and* HAROLD WOLFSON

An amazingly quick and simple operation—performed in the doctor's own office—is miraculously wiping away the ugly scars and pits of acne and smallpox, disfiguring birthmarks, wrinkles and even freckles. Inexpensive and painless, this new technique can result in a 50 to 85 per cent improvement in the facial appearance of most cases, and often an incalculable improvement in their personalities.

Take Don's case, for example. He was 26, intelligent, conscientious and doing well with a Chicago insurance company. But adolescence had left him with a bad case of acne scarring, and, because he felt uncomfortable with strangers, he refused a promotion which required dealing with the public. A friend, hearing of the new operation, told Don about it and he at once sought out a physician skilled in its technique.

The doctor's records on discharging Don read: "The patient experienced an 80 per cent improvement." Actually, the operation meant a whole new life to Don. For with new confidence, he was able to accept the promotion and do well.

Or take the case of six-year-old Elise. From birth, the bridge of her nose and the center of her forehead had been covered by a black hairy mole. Surgeons had told her parents that the blemish was too near her eyes to chance an operation.

At length the father heard of the new technique. Elise had three treatments and at the conclusion of the last one the mole had vanished and the skin that replaced it blended perfectly with the rest of her face.

"Elise had been so frightened of people that she'd always kept her eyes glued to the ground," her father said. "She never wanted to leave the house. After the mole was taken away she became friendly and full of life. For the first time she played with other children, and now she is one of the happiest I've ever seen."

This miraculous treatment, called dermabrasion, is astonishingly simple for the doctor to perform. He simply sprays the scarred skin surface with a freezing preparation and then applies a rotating wire brush which scrapes away the scarred skin, allowing fresh new skin to grow in its place. The procedure is painless.

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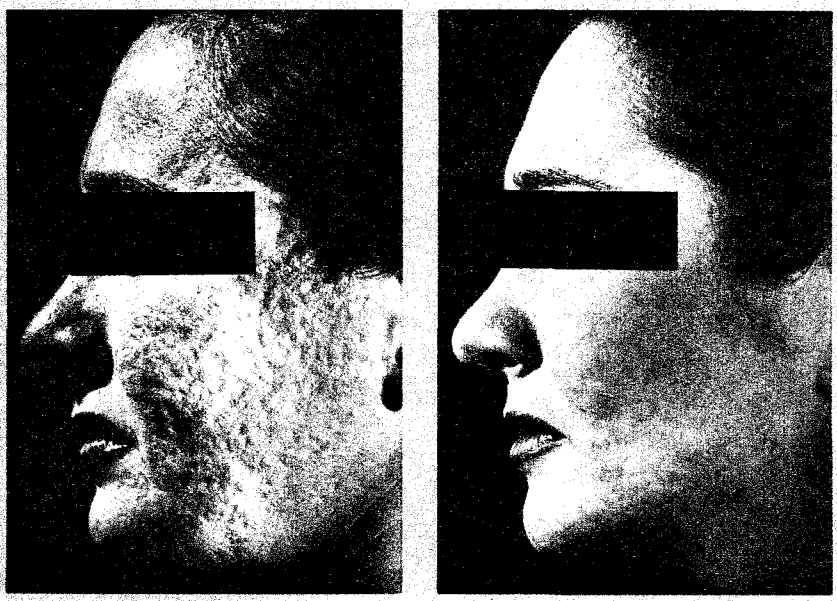
Face Planing



Two simple, one-hour treatments made this woman's acne-scarred face clear and smooth.

Dermabrasion is a term coined by Drs. Saul Blau and Charles Rein in a definitive article in the American Medical Association *Archives of Dermatology* in 1954. The medical profession, generally skeptical of revolutionary new techniques, is enthusiastic about dermabrasion. It has already been adopted by surgeons at the Skin and Cancer Unit of the New York University-Bellevue Medical Center, at the Mayo Clinic and in many other leading American hospitals. And throughout the nation, some 500 medical specialists have mastered the procedure and are using it.

Acne sufferers are by far the largest group to benefit from dermabrasion. Even the deepest pits can be improved for, in exceptionally bad cases, they can be filled with new skin coming from another part of the body. Then the whole area is

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given the dermabrasion treatment.

Smallpox and chicken pox scars also respond well. So do wrinkles; and because they are a surface condition, only one operation is usually needed.

Dermatologists have become more and more interested in wrinkles as they have been increasingly confronted with the problem of men and women who age prematurely and are thus handicapped in our beauty-conscious society.

One 45-year-old woman recently went to a psychiatrist in a state of great agitation. She had been fired from her job at a fashionable woman's shop because the customers liked young salespeople.

The woman's face was extremely wrinkled for her age and the psychiatrist sent her to a dermatologist. One dermabrasion operation was performed. The woman was very pleased with the results, and, her confidence in herself restored, she soon landed a good job in another shop. The operation, done five years ago, is still holding up.

FRECKLES, a source of amusement only to the non-afflicted, also respond well to dermabrasion. They too have shown no tendency to reappear five years later.

Many accident scars also do well, particularly those narrow jagged ones resulting from auto accidents. Doctors explain that when the scar is narrow, even though deep, the regenerative processes of the brushed adjacent skin can often cause the surface of the scarred area to be healed with fresh, smooth skin.

Skin tumors and growths have also been treated successfully. Dr. Louis Wexler, an associate of New York's Fordham Hospital, has worked out a method for treating rhinophyma, or "coachman's nose," an ailment generally associated with the late W. C. Fields. The surface of the nose is cooled and then brushed to its original shape.

Before dermabrasion is conducted on a growth, a small piece of tissue is taken from it to determine whether or not it is malignant. If it is, they prefer to have it excised.

A facial dermabrasion operation begins with a preliminary examination of the scar to determine how much improvement to expect.

The patient lies on an examining table and a nurse holds ice packs to his skin. When the ice packs are removed, a small section of the scarred area is sprayed with ethyl chloride, which turns it white with frost and numbs it briefly.

The doctor then moves a small whirling steel brush back and forth against the skin like a gum eraser. As soon as one section is brushed, he cools and brushes another. The patient feels only a mild stinging.

A full-face operation takes about 20 minutes. In some cases, doctors recommend a second operation about three months later. But rarely is a third necessary.

The operation finished, the patient is lightly bandaged. He remains on the examining table until the skin dries, usually about an hour. After a new bandage is applied, the patient goes home.

Twenty-four hours later, the bandage is removed and the skin exposed to the air for speedy heal-

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ing. By this time the face is heavily crusted, a condition which lasts about ten days. When the crust falls off, the skin is left pink, or "sunburned." Within three or four weeks the redness disappears.

It was during World War II that experiments on removing deep facial scars with an abrasive method began to yield good results.

Dr. Preston C. Iverson of Philadelphia used sandpaper to wipe away wound tattoos on battle casualties.

His initial sandpaper operation was performed on a 22-year-old infantryman whose face had been badly mutilated by land-mine fragments. Two weeks after the operation, the bandages were removed and the soldier's face was clean and smooth. After this success, Dr. Iverson operated successfully on hundreds of other casualties.

As a general surgical procedure, however, "sandpaper surgery" had some serious drawbacks. For the patient, it was very expensive, what with operating-room fees and the cost of four or five days in the hospital. Generally, too, the operation had to be repeated three or four times.

From the physician's point of view, sandpaper was too clumsy for work around the nose and eyes. Soft skin was difficult to sandpaper —like a sponge. And in addition, the skin bled so profusely it was almost impossible for the surgeon to follow his own operating progress.

It remained for Dr. Abner Kurtin, a New York dermatologist, to by-pass these shortcomings. Instead of sandpaper, he used a small, round, stainless steel wire brush attached to a flexible dental handpiece in the same manner as the familiar dentist's drill. Unlike sandpaper, it was a precision instrument, ideally suited for delicate work.

The problem of soft skin was overcome by using an ethyl chloride spray which froze the surface of the skin to a hard plane, safely and efficiently. Since cold nerves are unable to transmit impulses to the brain, the spray also doubled as a local anesthetic. Furthermore, the cold inhibited bleeding and the doctor could follow his progress much more accurately.

With the Kurtin method, scar surgery became an inexpensive office procedure.

In a very real sense, dermabrasion is more than simply a medical technique. Psychiatrists have long recognized that to be a well-adjusted person one must be content with his appearance. If he is not, personality difficulties are likely to arise.

For this reason, dermabrasion not only offers a better appearance for many thousands of scar sufferers, but it also offers them the prospect of becoming happier and better adjusted human beings.

Just for Sport

A HUGE TRUCK lumbered up alongside a sports car stalled at the roadside and the trucker called out, "Whazzamatter, you need a new flint?"

—IRV KUPCINET

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Calamity

JANE WYM

by RICHARD G. HU

Gaiety and heart
this popular actre
and played,

ASK SARAH JANE FULKS—internationally known as Jane Wyman—why her big-eyed, high-cheekboned face with its frame of dark curly hair has a special appeal for women, and she

women. I unde
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Miss Wyma
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of 20 to 75—she spent more than 14 hours daily inside thick rubber make-up that had to be removed with gasoline.

"My face looked like raw beefsteak," she says.

In Hollywood, actresses usually shun non-glamorous roles; Miss Wyman appears to seek them out. There is almost no crisis that she has not undergone on the screen.

She suffered as a blind woman in *Magnificent Obsession*, after being tutored by one who had been blind 20 years. In 1949 she won an Academy Oscar for her portrayal in *Johnny Belinda* of a deaf-and-dumb girl—after weeks of lip-reading and sign-language study.

In *The Glass Menagerie* she was a cripple; in *The Lost Weekend*, the agonized love of a habitual drunk; in *The Yearling* and *So Big*, a self-sacrificing woman struggling on into the years, under layers of make-up.

Despite these famed portrayals of women in woe, she has the private reputation of having more bounce than a cargo of monkeys. In addition to raising two youngsters—15-year-old Maureen Elizabeth and 10-year-old Michael Edward, the children of her 8-year marriage to actor Ronald Reagan—Miss Wyman finds time to take flying trips to diverse points around the world. She runs a large house, is under contract for a pair of major pictures a year, and gives parties that are famous in Hollywood.

Her latest venture is a $4,500,000 television series for a soap company. The program, "Jane Wyman's Fireside Theater," on every Tuesday evening over NBC-TV, entails 36 half-hour films a year, in which she appears either as star or mistress of ceremonies.

The contracts provide that she set her own wage—never less than $1,000 a performance; and that she is allowed to produce, act, direct, and write. Her other chores include reading scripts, choosing wardrobes, decorating sets and signing all checks for her company.

She will probably go on like this for the next three years, "unless the top of my head flies off."

This intense concentration on detail—an abiding interest in the innards of everyone and everything—has made Miss Wyman the grande young dame of Hollywood, with virtually no academic training. (It has also lost her a pair of husbands who objected, it is rumored, to her probing glance at the breakfast table.)

Miss Wyman is sensitive about the fact of her three divorces. This is acute since she has recently become a convert to the Roman Catholic faith. Her third marriage in 1952, to a Hollywood music composer named Karger, ended in divorce within a year.

"I don't care what people are thinking," she declares. "I like to watch them and find out what they're *feeling*."

Miss Wyman has the typical specialist memory of an actress: She forgets the names of her closest friends and her own telephone number, while remembering every word of a script and, as she puts it, "every shadow on a face."

It must not be assumed from this

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that Miss Wyman is what is known as a "heavy" actress. She has carefully larded her career with a succession of comedy roles as well.

Such pictures as *Brother Rat*, *The Kid from Kokomo*, *Princess O'Rourke*, *Hollywood Canteen* and *Footlight Serenade* have demonstrated her light touch. Whimsy like *The King and the Chorus Girl* and Westerns such as *Cheyenne* have also tested her talents —and she has played such widely different characters as Cole Porter's protégée and Will Rogers' wife.

IT WAS IN ONE of the most famous screen comedies of all time, *My Man Godfrey*, that Miss Wyman got her start. Up to that time she had been a dancer, doing fine in the $66-a-week picture that invariably starred Alice Faye, Dick Powell or Joan Blondell—or all three—in songs and dances. As a slim, long-legged chorine who could do either ballet, tap, "or movement, let's say," Miss Wyman shuttled constantly from set to set.

Ceaselessly in search of some way to emote, she underwent scores of turndowns; but the 17-year-old would-be actress was undismayed.

When she heard about a new company starting at Warner's under a then unknown director named Gregory La Cava, she wangled herself a sort of combination screen test and part in *My Man Godfrey*.

The latter ended in the cutting-room wastebasket. "I'm still in the picture next to the monkey and the organ-grinder," she confides, "but you have to look fast to see me. That monkey bit me, too."

It was a start, for it enabled Miss Wyman to call herself an actress. She got no emoting jobs right away, however, so went back to kicking up her heels in musicals.

It was in one of these extravaganzas—with Dick Powell and Joan Blondell—that her next speaking part popped up. She was a member of a chorus line which Powell was inspecting for his show. He addressed Miss Wyman:

"What can you do? What's your name?"

"My name," said Miss Wyman breathlessly, "is Bessie Phumphnick. I can swim, ride, dive, imitate wild birds and play the trombone."

She did the line well enough to break Powell up, necessitating $2,000 worth of retakes.

It is a compliment to Miss Wyman's nature that she has held the affection of her Hollywood friends —including ex-husbands— throughout her career. She is on easy, intimate terms with nearly every hallowed name in the colony; and is regarded with a respect that would amount almost to veneration if she were not so easy-going.

Miss Wyman's feeling about the world at large is that she has had it by the tail since she was 17. "I was always indignant with people for not giving me better parts," she says.

At one time she was lucky enough to have Leland Hayward, one of the most successful agents and producers, as her representative. Forty-eight hours after she signed with him, Miss Wyman stalked into his office. "You haven't done anything for me! I want my release!" she cried.

The startled Hayward gave it to

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To Jane Wyman, work is a welcome release. Success in movies has not brought her personal happiness in three marriages.

her. Miss Wyman departed happily to make her own career.

Her self-sufficiency has been largely due to the fact that she has been on her own since she was 15; and today, at 42, she can look back over a couple of decades in movies.

Miss Wyman is the daughter of Emme Reise, a native of Germany, who married Richard Dick Fulks in St. Joseph, Missouri. He was an amiable, popular man prominent in politics. At different times he became chief of detectives and town and county tax collector.

Mrs. Fulks introduced her daughter to the dancing school of a German maestro named Prinz (whose son LeRoy was making his way in Hollywood). "I took to the swing and sway from the beginning," says Miss Wyman.

Mother and daughter left for California when Miss Wyman was 12 years old, after the death of her father in 1929. The mother believed her daughter could offer competition to other child stars. They lived on savings and insurance until it was finally proved she could not.

Miss Wyman went to Hollywood High School and then worked briefly in a coffee shop, after which she took a job in a beauty shop at $14 a week.

When beauty-shop gossip told of dancing jobs in the studios, Miss Wyman applied—and got a job at 20th Century-Fox. "I couldn't do the steps but I looked all right," she says. "I had those skinny long legs and that was what they wanted."

She had eight weeks in *King of Burlesque* and worked in *Anything Goes* by virtue of knowing the dance director, LeRoy Prinz. "After all, I was a Prinz graduate myself."

When dancing jobs fell off as the cycle of musicals declined, Miss Wyman changed her name to Jane Durrell. Thus disguised, she toured Southern California bistros and radio stations singing loudly but not too well. "In those days," she observes with disgust, "my voice was no better than it is now. But I did one-night stands and got away

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with it before the news spread."

Back in Hollywood, Miss Wyman went back to dancing jobs and from them to her screen test and a role with Warner Brothers. Her contract came directly after. Though its exclusive phase ended three years ago, at about $3,500 a week, she is still doing pictures for the studio—one of the longest tie-ups in Hollywood history. She has brought Warners $2,000,000 in loan-out fees.

After one of her first pictures, Miss Wyman met a sad-faced, efficient individual who was an agent in a lowly firm. (His name was Lew Wasserman and today, as president of the Music Corporation of America, he is one of the most potent powers behind the Hollywood scenes.) Wasserman took her under his wing and has guided her ever since.

Altogether, Miss Wyman can claim to have worked in a total of 62 pictures. "I know," she says, "I have them all engraved on a plate that a fan of mine sent me." Latest additions to the plate: *Miracle in the Rain* for Warner Brothers, and *All That Heaven Allows*, for Universal, in which she co-stars with Rock Hudson, who was also her partner in *Magnificent Obsession* last year.

She claims her most ecstatic experience was when she did two pictures with Bing Crosby and was able to sing. "One song we did won the Academy award," mourns Miss Wyman, who has been nominated four times, "but we didn't."

Although she commands $200,000-plus for movie appearances, Jane Wyman can boast of no school of acting except her own intuition, tireless study and researching of each role.

"You don't need to go to school," she says. "Acting is instinct and watching people. It's trial and error."

"What Jane does," explains a friend, "is magnified on the screen. The bigger the screen, the more it shows. She never plays for sex; it's always for something better. She wants the audience to believe in her character."

Miss Wyman herself says: "I'm out to kill the dames like me in the audience. I know there are millions of them. If they understand me, I'm all right on ticket sales. I want them to say: 'There but for the grace of Central Casting, go I.' Or is it 'me'?"

Cartoon Quotes

PERFUME SALESLADY to customer: "Is it good? Why it's been banned from our Boston store!" —*Town Journal*

ONE BUSINESS MAN to another: "We're a non-profit organization. We didn't intend to be—but we are." —*Bay Liner*

TARDY SECRETARY to boss: "I'm really not late. I took my coffee break before coming in." —*Wall Street Journal*

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An old year closes: from the fathomless vaults of time, a new year is ours. How shall we fashion it, of what hopes, dreams, achievements? From the past, we build what is to come: the shape of tomorrow looms awesome and inspiring. This portfolio of photographs, each capturing with striking effectiveness a moment that is eloquent of America today, is presented by the Editors of CORONET. Each is rich with portents of the future.

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The nation has a heartbeat and it throbs the length and breadth of the land. Like a giant, the country stretches and feels its power in every limb. Shall we gorge ourselves on automobiles? Or like a treasure-seeking diver, sink, insatiable, beneath an endless sea of golden grain?

CORONET

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How shall we harness all the might we can create? How shall we make use of the earth's wealth, the rich and amazing diversity that is America, 1956? How shall we win security for ourselves and for those who follow after?

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These are questions that hang unanswered, perhaps unanswerable. For the thin edge of the present is a fragile shelf upon which to stand and, like a mountain-climber, ponder where the trail leads, what Everest of the unknown we yet shall scale. Man has enslaved the atom, he can move swifter than sound, he can work his will on scourges that once wiped out millions of his fellow men; but the mind that can probe interstellar space and measure the rhythm of galaxies is helpless before a strong wind.

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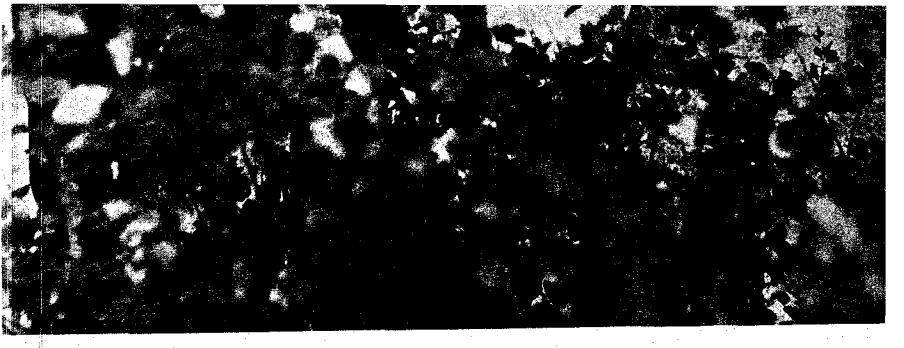

Nor can he solve—or understand—the ancient enigma of life and death...

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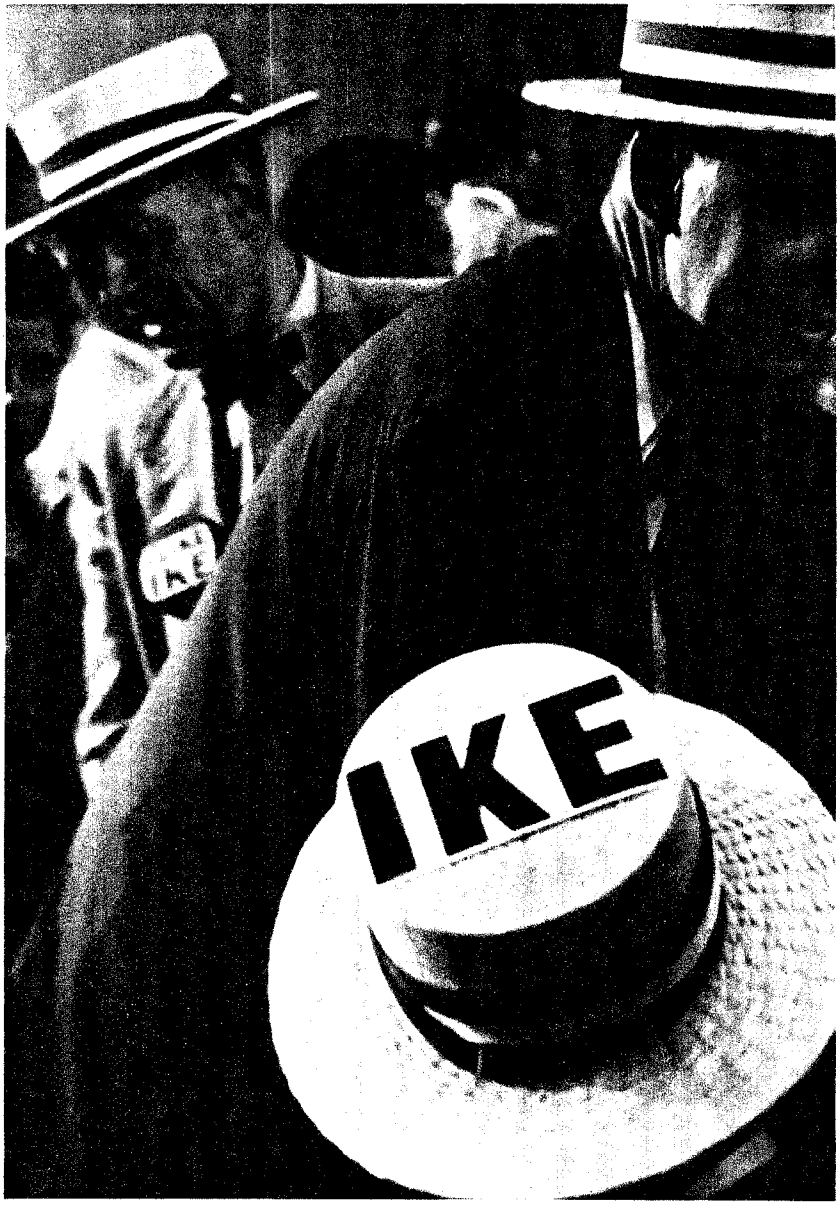

But what a thrilling pageant will be played out in the marketplace in this year of promise! The largess, the variety before us, the choice we have to make, is almost bewildering, whether it be the Presidency—or the midway.

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Bewildering, too, are the problems we find on our own doorstep. If we have made tremendous and far-reaching strides in science and industry, it is because men's intellects have dared rebel against accepted beliefs, have dared smash the matrix of yesterday. But others can rebel, too . . .

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And suddenly we find ourselves adventuring into uncharted continents of mind and spirit, and wrestle with The Question raised by youth. In this brave new world, where does rebellion end? The mocking glance, the insolent stare, ask "Who says so?" Must order pay this price to progress?

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One wonders what this year ot promise holds for us—all of us. The tide of social change ceaselessly washes at the shores of ancient prejudice. Shall we see more than a measure of ignorance banished, more than a measure of despair replaced by hope? Two thousand years after the Sermon on the Mount, is decency still but a minister's dream, the good society still as remote as the alchemist's stone? Or is all this—the dark passions that rend men, the ferment in the streets, the bitter tests of law—is all this the mark of a young nation's bursting vitality, its exuberance, its matchless power not yet fully channelled? All men are created equal. . . . And a child at play bears witness and reminds us: we all begin in innocence.

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But the symbols of America are many, and some are infinitely beguiling. In this industrial civilization, roaring forward at a mighty and still mightier pace, was ever beauty of face and form so worshipped, so immortalized? Was ever man so warmed in the sunlight of love and love's promise?

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Some symbols bespeak another need—the need to go outside oneself. Surrounded by the dread sorcery of a nuclear age, it is not strange that people hunger for spiritual sustenance. When materialistic miracles are almost commonplace, when man holds in his puny fists power to destroy not only himself but the world about him, it is not strange that people seek a deeper, an almost rapturous kinship with their God and their religious faith.

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Still another peace is found in the biblical gospel of labor. Man works so that he shall live, and no matter what his work be, this truth prevails in the 20th Century as it did in the First. And in city and on parched plains.

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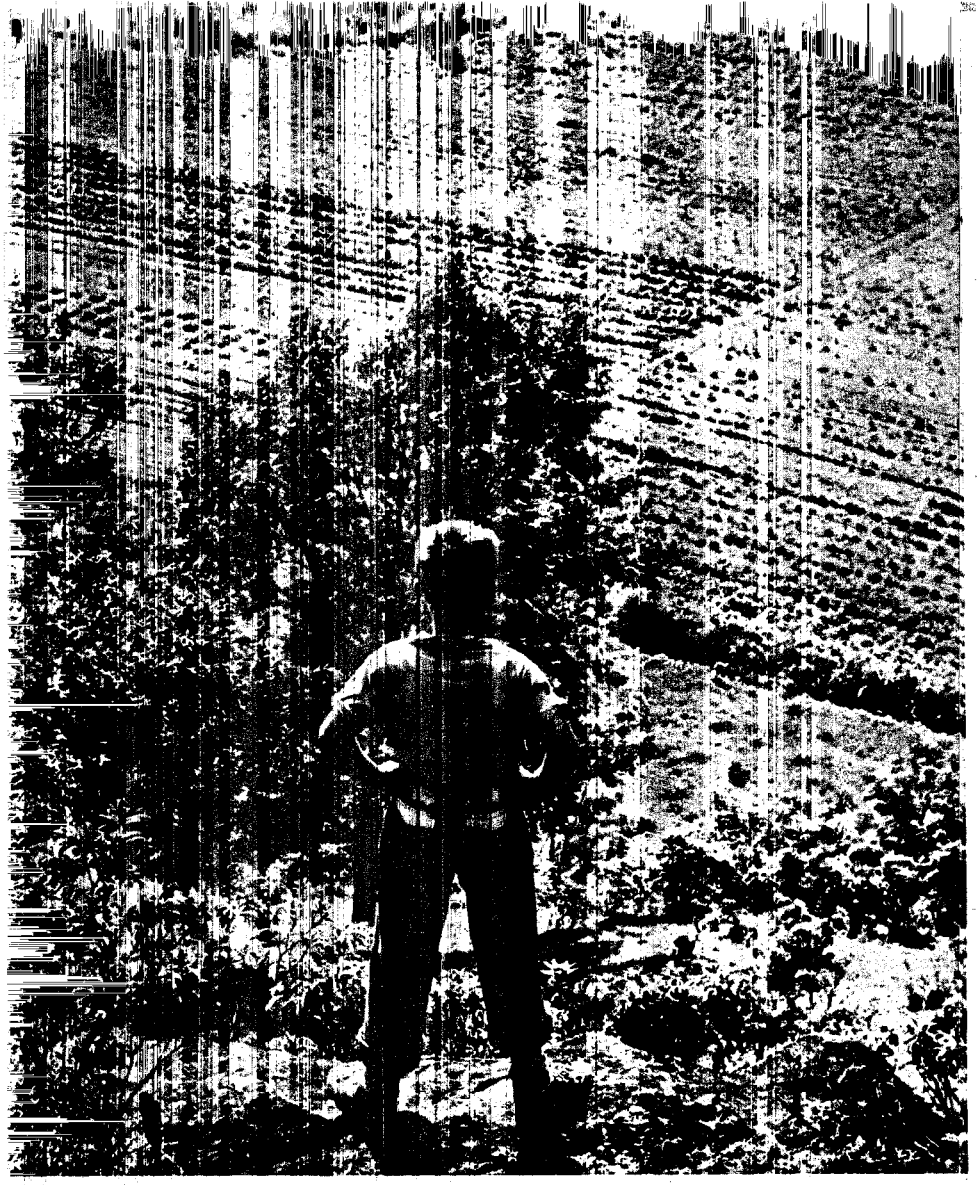

In this, a still-tortured decade, we build a new world on the ruins of the old. Amid today's uncertainties, and unanswered problems, we face the challenge of a year big with promise. Questing, wondering, aspiring, able like a genie to summon powers man never before has known, we look forward confidently to far, far horizons. We know none can be too far, too high.

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I'LL STAND PAT

by PARKE CUMMINGS

A father of 40-plus approaches life in a manner that would baffle callow youth

BEING MIDDLE-AGED has its drawbacks, as I will uncheerfully admit. They include shortness of breath, wideness of girth, flabbiness of muscle. Yet, I sometimes feel that the japes and jibes about them are harder to endure than the actual shortcomings themselves.

It so happens I have a teen-age son who is in the very flower of youth and vigor. Is he to be envied? In many respects, no doubt, but I've been studying some of the things *he* has to cope with.

Take the matter of memory. It's true that memory weakens as one reaches old age. But when my wife sends me shopping for groceries I can remember as many as five or six items. If they exceed that number, I make a list. Our offspring makes a list too. But the subtle difference is that I remember to take the list with me.

During my lifetime I have failed —and by a wide margin—to acquire the wisdom of an Einstein. However, I am now in possession of information which, though not calculated to bring me fame or riches, does save me certain headaches. Here are a few examples:

You can't repair a radio by cracking it savagely with a hammer.

There are few articles of personal property that are improved by being left out in the rain.

Handing a lighted cigarette to another person is much to be preferred to tossing it to him.

Fellows who habitually take showers after playing basketball, football or baseball are apt to get more dates than those who don't.

Very little, if anything, is to be gained by tickling a bull terrier when he is gnawing on a steak bone.

In other words, being 40-plus is not without its compensations. Among them, I count it a blessing that I do not receive calls from young girls who refuse to give their names but, instead, giggle and de-

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mand: "Guess who this is! Go on—guess!" When folks call me they identify themselves promptly.

My relations with the automobile are also on a smoother plane than they were in my flaming—or wildly smouldering—youth. None of my compatriots keep urging me to go 50 miles an hour in a 30-mile zone. And I am not labeled "chicken" when I refuse to race other cars.

I am far from being a wealthy man, but when it is necessary for me to purchase gas, I do not have to fish through my pocket and then mumble: "Give me 17¢ worth."

I can dress pretty much as I please. My slacks do not have to be of the identical cut and color of those worn by every other male of my acquaintance. If I wear buckskin shoes I can feel perfectly at ease if they're clean. On a winter's day I can be comfortable in hat, heavy coat and gloves without being accused of being a weakling.

It has been many a year since I was asked to test my coördination by balancing a hot plate of soup on my head or walking blindfolded on a narrow plank across an icy brook.

My youngster is often disappointed by having his girls break dates, claiming they have to babysit or pick up their dad at the airport. The pangs of being stood up are long since behind me.

The only woman I've had dates with in the past 20 years is the one I married. She may have her faults—understand, I said *may*—but I can say this for her: If she makes a date with me to go out, she keeps it.

When I walk past a sweets shop I can resist the temptation to go in and devour a triple banana split loaded with chocolate and marshmallow sauce and half a cupful of maraschino cherries. On the other hand, if I feel like it, I can consume one without my face breaking out.

Furthermore, I can get filled up on the average dinner served in this household, and don't have to go out and raid the icebox 30 minutes later.

Consider also the fact that nobody ever commands me: "It's time to get started on your home-work!" or "Stop that monotonous whistling!" or "No more watching TV until you write Aunt Esther and thank her for that sweater!"

Add up all these factors in favor of middle-age and the total is pretty impressive. So, although my biceps are weaker and my bifocals stronger, I'm willing to let things stand as is.

Comic Relief

A LITTLE GIRL of 11 exasperated her mother because she left her room in such an unholy mess. Suddenly, her room became the model of neatness. The mother couldn't understand it until she learned that the youngster had wandered from the comic page to the police-court column of the paper one evening and got the fright of her life reading about a woman being sent to jail for keeping a disorderly house. —IRENE VARGULA

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raphy dated from his preoccupation with light. Since light can be projected to illuminate a picture, perhaps it can be guided to paint a picture.

And so he commenced to experiment with photography—the production of pictures through the action of light. He realized that there were two necessities for producing a good photograph:

(1) An object with a flat surface —such as a metal plate—must be coated with a chemical sensitive to light and placed inside the camera.

(2) As soon as the image has been reprinted on the plate, it must be removed from the camera and dipped in another chemical so that the imprint will be permanent.

After numerous trials and errors, he discovered that he could reproduce an indistinct image upon a silver plate that had been treated with the vapor of iodine. But to obtain the image it was necessary to expose the object for several hours —a very impractical process.

But he persevered at the job, becoming oblivious to his family. Often he forgot to eat. His wife suspected he was going mad.

DAGUERRE bought his cameras and plates from an optician by the name of Chevalier. One day, the optician suggested he get in touch with another of his customers who dabbled in "sun painting"—Nicéphore Niepce.

Daguerre wrote Niepce a letter. They met and entered into a partnership to exploit the further possibilities of photography. Niepce was a step ahead of Daguerre. He had discovered how to take permanent pictures by immersing his bitumen-coated plates in a tub of lavender oil. This oil dissolved all the bitumen on the plate with the exception of those parts that had been touched by the sun. And the image remained permanent while the rest of the coating was obliterated.

For four years the two men persisted in their experiments, with no results. Then Niepce died.

Six more years Daguerre struggled. And during this time he lost his only means of support. His diorama was destroyed in a fire.

One of his principal difficulties was that he couldn't obtain a clear image on his plates, no matter how many hours he exposed them. One morning, after a series of unsuccessful attempts, he drew an exposed plate from his camera. It showed no image at all. Thoroughly disgusted, he placed it in a closet to be recoated for a second exposure.

Next day when he took the "ruined plate" out of the closet, he was astonished to discover a clear picture upon it. By what strange alchemy had the "ruined plate" turned into a successful picture? He examined the various chemicals in the closet, but found no clue. That night he placed a second "underexposed" plate in the closet. The following day, another clear image appeared.

Again Daguerre tested the chemicals in the closet with no results. But just as he was about to give up, he observed a dish of mercury that he had overlooked in a corner of the closet. He took out the image-

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less plate and held it over the dish. Gradually a picture emerged in outline. The riddle was solved. The vapor from the mercury had brought out the image through its absorption into the portions of the plate upon which the rays of light had fallen.

But this merely resulted in a temporary picture—one that had to be kept continually in a dark place. He now had to discover how to develop a permanent picture—one that could stand exposure to the sunlight.

Then, at last, came the answer which he had so long been seeking. He stumbled upon the one chemical—sodium hyposulfite—that could most efficiently wash away the untouched areas of the plate and bring the fixed picture into the clear. This was the final step in the invention of the daguerreotype.

The daguerreotype is not, of course, the modern photograph. Daguerre was a step away from that. The photograph is an image imprinted on paper—a process developed by the English scientist, Fox Talbot. The daguerreotype is a picture printed on a metal plate.

Daguerre was hailed as one of the world's miracle-makers. He first demonstrated his daguerreotype at the Palais Mazarin in 1839. The crowd was so huge that men and women were trampled upon.

The press was divided in its reception of the new "miracle," a newspaper in Leipzig declaring, "The new invention is sacrilegious. Man has been made in the image of God, and you can't imprison God in a little black box."

Despite the fact that opticians grew rich selling cameras and lenses, Daguerre derived only a modest income. He presented his patent to the French Government "for the public good." The Government in return awarded him a pension of 4,000 francs a year.

Assured of a comfortable old age, Daguerre retired to his native village and, ironically, spent the remainder of his life not in photography but in painting.

Collector's Item

MAURICE RAVEL, the composer, had a magnificent sense of humor. He was also a collection addict and his home was cluttered with ceramics, miniature bits of statuary, fine old books, rare prints.

Ravel's music room in which he did his work was singularly free of this assorted bric-a-brac. It did, however, feature the single piece he called his favorite possession—a pedestal, atop which rested a smoky crystal ball perhaps four inches in diameter. To it he would invariably guide a guest and point wordlessly. The reaction was generally the same: indrawn breath, eyebrows raised in awe, a reverently whispered, "Exquisite! Flawless! Lovely!"

Should anyone venture to ask where he had been able to acquire such a magnificent globe, Ravel was in his glory. "Oh, so easily!" he would reply. "It's just a burned-out light bulb."

—MARY ALKUS

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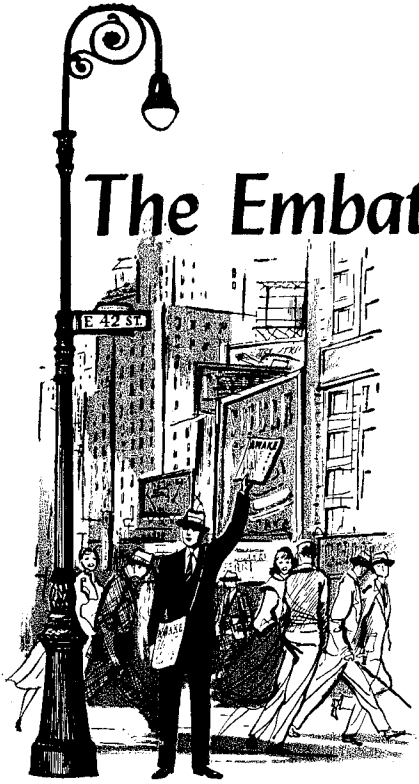
Awaiting Armageddon, a zealous sect prepares for a new heaven on earth

The Embattled Witnesses

by NORMAN M. LOBSENZ



ATOP A 10-story building in the picturesque Columbia Heights section of Brooklyn stands a watchtower. From its parapets men and women figuratively search the heavens for the angelic hosts that—any day now, they expect—will descend to earth and annihilate the army of Satan in the universe's final battle, Armageddon.

This is the belief of a fanatically stubborn, intensely zealous and masterfully-organized group of sincere religionists known as Jehovah's witnesses. Only Witnesses, they believe, will be chosen as righteous folk in the Last Judgment, and granted eternal life on an earth turned into a paradise under the personal reign of Jesus.

But Jehovah's witnesses are not content to keep this golden future for themselves. And because of their relentless zeal to convert others—via house-to-house calls, radio broadcasts, world conventions and the distribution of millions of pieces of literature—they have drawn more attention to themselves than most sects.

And because the Witnesses' religious principles forbid them to fulfill such civic duties as voting, saluting the flag or serving in the armed forces, much of the time this attention has taken the form of persecution.

During World War II, mobs beat Witnesses, shot them, tarred and feathered them, forced them to drink castor oil, wrecked their cars and homes, burned their literature, expelled their children from school. Witnesses were arrested on charges from vagrancy to treason.

Paradoxically, however, this persecution has boomeranged. Witnesses have taken every possible case to court, scores of them to the U. S.

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Supreme Court. And the decisions they have won have laid the basis for a new recognition of the rights of freedom of press and religion for all Americans.

Why are Jehovah's witnesses always so embattled?

"We don't look for trouble, but we don't run away from it either," they say. "It is always the minority that tests restrictions on freedom, and suffers because of it. As the apostle Paul said, 'All that live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution.' "

SUCH QUOTATIONS from the Bible thickly sprinkle Witness talk and writings. Even their name is derived from Isaiah's 43rd Chapter: "Ye are my witnesses, saith Jehovah." And most of their dogma is based on their interpretations of Biblical prophecy.

According to this, the signs of the approaching end of the rule of Satan over man are to be wars, pestilences, food shortages and earthquakes, all occurring in one generation. By Witness figuring, these things started to happen in 1914. Since then, Christ and Satan have been deploying their forces for the climactic battle. God will use physical weapons, Witnesses believe, for the Armageddon war which will rage in the atmosphere around the world where Satan and his followers hover.

In Witness dogma there is no fiery Hell; Hell is the grave, a place of rest where the body awaits resurrection. But Satan is real, a personal devil.

Witnesses deny all earthly organizations because, to them, the Bible supersedes any man-made laws (and the Bible instructs them to honor no graven images). This includes everything from the YMCA to the National Association of Manufacturers, as well as all organized religion.

Being against all other organizations, however, has not prevented Jehovah's witnesses from running its own affairs in a super-efficient manner. Their discipline and know-how is perhaps best evidenced at their conventions. The most famous of these was the 1953 World Convention at Yankee Stadium.

Volunteers scouring New York and environs secured housing accommodations for most of the 125,000 delegates. A trailer camp was set up in New Jersey for the overflow. Field kitchens served over 400,000 meals so efficiently that Army and Civil Defense officials studied their methods for possible use in disaster work.

Witnesses provided their own ushers, police, doctors, nurses, cooks and maintenance men. When the eight-day meeting was over, Witnesses swept out the Stadium and turned it back neat as a pin.

This efficiency characterizes all the Witnesses' activities. At "Bethel," the Brooklyn headquarters, the "servants" (all volunteers who get $14 a month plus room and board for full-time work) live in what could easily be mistaken for a luxurious apartment hotel. From the top-floor offices and living quarters of Nathan Homer Knc President of the Watchtower Bib and Tract Society—the corporate agency and governing body of Je-

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hovah's witnesses—to the basement dining hall, not a trick is missed.

Bethel has its own laundry, food kitchens, barber, tailor and cobbler shops—all staffed by Witness workers. There is an excellent library, and complete studio where Witness radio station WBBR broadcasts a daily devotional program.

A few blocks away stands the nine-story Central Printing Plant. Its never-ceasing presses last year printed nearly 75,000,000 copies of the society's two bi-weekly magazines, *The Watchtower* and *Awake!* They also pound out nearly 18,000,000 Bibles, pamphlets, leaflets and Bible study books in over 100 languages.

All printing plant workers are volunteers, trained in the varying skills required. President Knorr started in the shipping department of the printing plant, worked his way up to general manager and eventually was made a director and officer of the Watchtower Corporation.

The Witness equivalent of a church (churches, in Witness dogma, are inventions of the Devil) is called a "Kingdom Hall." The average Kingdom Hall is an empty store or building rented and remodeled. Furnishings consist simply of folding chairs, a table and a banner-like device hung on the wall that quotes a Bible verse. The average congregation numbers 40 or 50 persons.

In contrast to those of virtually all other religions, a Witness service seems to be bereft of emotion or spirituality.

On one mid-week evening (chosen for the convenience of the congregation) there will be a two-hour session in the Kingdom Hall. The "school servant" keynotes the first hour with a 15-minute speech on some aspect of public preaching. Three student talks follow and are discussed.

"THE SHAM OF SCHOOL HEALTH EXAMINATIONS"
Hurried, inadequate, they endanger the health—and lives—of our children!
NEXT MONTH IN CORONET

The second hour consists of a discussion and demonstration of practical applications of Witness work—this includes how to make a house-to-house call or how to distribute literature.

On Sunday afternoon or evening, the Witness goes to Kingdom Hall for another service divided into two one-hour segments (and great care is taken not to run overtime). During the first half, a Bible topic is discussed; during the second, an article in *The Watchtower*.

On a third night, the congregation splits into groups of a dozen or so and—at the Kingdom Hall or in members' homes—analyzes a book published by the Society.

The only concessions to what might be termed non-practical activities are the songs and brief extemporaneous prayers with which each session is opened and closed. Any member may offer prayers, for every Witness is a minister in his own right. Witnesses consider that God, not theological seminaries, has the right to qualify a man as His minister. Once a Witness repents his

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sins and confesses his faith, he is a minister. His baptism, by total immersion, symbolizes his dedication and also his ordination as a minister.

Men, women and children may be ministers. And a Witness minister is legally able to perform marriages, or officiate at funerals and other ceremonies. He can also—like a minister of any other faith—travel on a railroad for half-fare.

Witnesses have their own hymnbook, with songs like "Stick to Your Work!" and "The Taunt-Song Against Satan."

The expenses of local congregations are met by voluntary contributions from members. No collection plate has ever been passed in a Kingdom Hall. Contributions are dropped in a box at the rear; and a monthly financial report is issued. Witness services are always open to the public.

EACH WITNESS must devote as much of his time as possible to witnessing, or "publishing." This means making house-to-house calls to develop converts; conducting Bible study classes; and standing on street corners distributing tracts and pamphlets or playing recordings of evangelical speeches by Witness leaders.

It is these activities that have gotten Witnesses into much of their legal trouble. But they have won Supreme Court decisions holding that the right to freely preach by any means is as much part of America's religious freedom as the right to go to a church of one's choice.

According to the Witnesses, over 600,000 "publishers" (part-time workers) and 17,000 "pioneers" (full-time workers) put in over 81,000,000 hours of work in 1954 making more than 25,000,000 calls on householders and giving Bible instruction to over 1,000,000 people.

As a result of this massive effort, it has been estimated that there are between 300,000 and 500,000 Witnesses in the U. S. and around 3,000,000 worldwide. Membership totals are constantly growing.

These figures are a tribute to the tenacity of a movement that began in 1872 when "Pastor" Charles Taze Russell gathered "a few Christian persons" together in Allegheny, Pennsylvania, to take a second look at the Bible.

As the unofficial story goes, Russell, a wealthy haberdasher and Congregationalist by profession, had his beliefs shaken when he overheard an argument between an atheist and a churchman on whether there was really a Heaven and a Hell. Russell studied his Bible and came up with a new set of theories which form the basis of Witness doctrine.

Never an ordained minister, Russell plunged into preaching and writing with enthusiasm and huge success. Upon his death in 1916, "Judge" Joseph F. Rutherford, attorney for the organization and Russell's confidante, took over.

Rutherford gave the organization its present name, developed its corporate structure, wrote and lectured even more incessantly than Russell, and coined the slogan: "Millions now living will never die."

Rutherford also set the pattern of the Witnesses' attitude toward

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military service when he went to jail in 1917 for advising Witnesses they were ineligible for the draft because they were ministers, and because they were obliged to obey God's laws before man's laws. When Rutherford died in 1942, the tightly-knit hierarchy he had developed to govern Jehovah's witnesses elected Knorr to succeed him.

The Witnesses allow considerable freedom to members on personal matters. Although smoking is discouraged as an "unclean" habit, and although virtually no Witness smokes, one would not be expelled if he did so. The same with drinking.

Divorce is permitted a Witness solely on the ground of adultery. If a Witness gets a divorce on other grounds, he is expected not to remarry. The reason for this is that adultery is the only ground for divorce recognized in the Bible.

Critics of Jehovah's witnesses have charged them with everything from intellectual hypocrisy to financial skulduggery. But never has there been any evidence to support such charges.

They have been labeled with every political tag from Naziism to communism. During World War II, they were called pro-Axis in Allied countries, and pro-Ally in the Axis nations. In America today they fight charges that they are Communist, while in Iron Curtain countries they are tortured, imprisoned and killed as "democratic warmongers."

Jehovah's witnesses don't think of themselves as 20th century martyrs. They work hard at witnessing and look ahead to Armageddon and heaven-on-earth, quoting Luke, 12:32: "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

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Stradivari of the Catskills

by HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

As he whittles away in his country workshop, Harry Stoutenburgh carves for himself a niche among the giants of fiddlemaking

THAT MAN in the green suspenders and baggy corduroys has been tapping maple trees all over the Rip Van Winkle countryside for the past 20 years. He isn't prospecting for syrup, he's looking for a special kind of maple—*curly* maple—a wood that has the peculiar property of making violins sing.

Harry Stoutenburgh, Dutch as Rip himself, nicks hundreds of maples before he finds a tree with the grain, the curl, the *flame* that give his violins a soul.

Every county in America has a fiddle-maker who can glue up lumber and call it a violin. But Harry Stoutenburgh's instruments differ from these glorified cigar boxes as a vintage wine differs from *vin ordinaire*. And Harry's violins are being eagerly bought by professional musicians who play them with pride and satisfaction in the great symphony orchestras of our country.

Victor Dardenne, a violinist in the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra, owns a Stradivarius for which he paid a not-so-small fortune. Last year he heard a Stoutenburgh, fell in love with its rich, vibrant tone and bought the instrument from Harry for $300. In an expansive mood, Dardenne will tell you that his "Catskill Strad," as he calls it, is not audibly inferior to the Italian instrument.

Harry's career as a luthier (the classic name for violin-makers) began at 14 when he bought a $5 fiddle from Sears Roebuck and pried it apart to see where the music came from. Fascinated by the idea of sound pouring out of a box, Harry wondered if he couldn't make such a box himself.

In the ruins of an old barn he found a piece of maple and made a fiddle—a crude cobblerish job. Although it "scraped nice," as the

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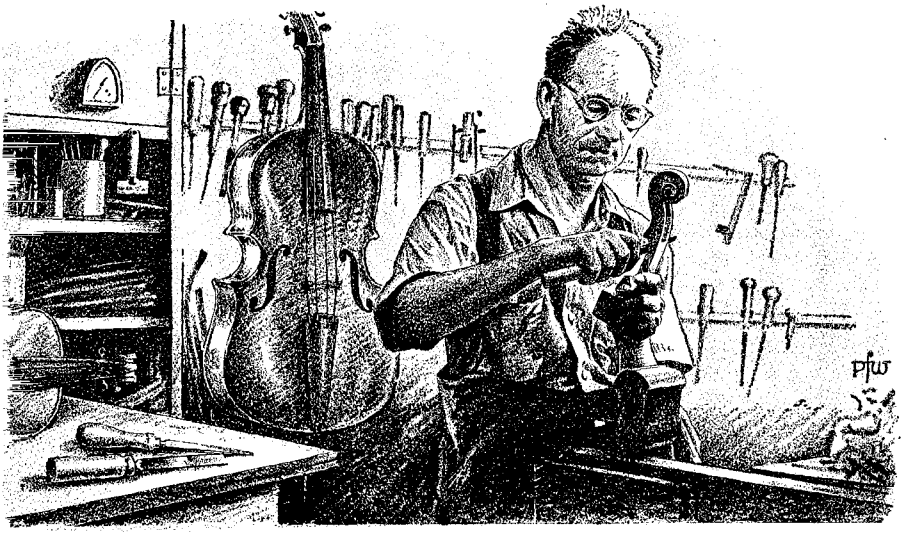

neighbors said, Harry wasn't satisfied, and began making another.

In Uster County, boys aren't encouraged to be luthiers. So Harry became an auto mechanic and later opened his own garage. By day he repaired motors but his lamplit hours were spent trying to fashion a good violin.

Harry was selling his instruments now to barn-fiddlers at $25 apiece. Staunch serviceable ones they were, with a carrying power that made them heard above the stompings of local square dancers.

The budding luthier began to grudge the time spent in his garage. Fingers that hankered for the feel of seasoned maple rebelled more and more at the sludge in old crankcases.

One night Harry reached a decision. For better or worse, he would become a full-time violin-maker. He was 43 years old, but hadn't Stradivari, the master of all violin-makers, done some of his best work in Cremona, Italy, when he was over 80?

That first year Harry made five violins and sold them all at $75 apiece. They were creditable instruments but he realized that they lacked the finesse of design and construction that breathes aristocratic sound into common wood. Then fate in the shape of a dejected angler sauntered into his obscure little shop on Route 28. The angler was Simone Sacconi, one of the greatest living violin-makers.

"Mr. Stoutenburgh," he said, "I've been told you can lead me to some trout."

"Been told right," twanged Harry, who knows every trout pool for miles around.

An afternoon's fishing filled Sacconi's creel. Gratefully, he agreed to look at Harry's fiddles.

Sacconi's first glance was casual;

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next came interest—then astonishment. Here, in the Catskill bush, was a genuine talent. Flaws, yes—but they could be remedied.

Sacconi made an unprecedented gesture: Would Harry like to come to New York and learn the secrets of fine violin-making?

Harry's native Catskill calm almost deserted him. *Would* he!

He began making regular trips to Sacconi's shop in New York City. On his first visit he was permitted to feast his eyes on a $50,000 Stradivarius that a famous virtuoso had brought in for repairs.

"What's wrong with it?" asked the rural apprentice, awe-struck.

"It needs a new bass-bar," said Sacconi.

THE BASS-BAR is a long wooden strip of matured pine concealed beneath the "belly," or top, of the violin. Its purpose is to distribute the vibrations emanating from the body of the fiddle. To insert a new bass-bar means that the entire top of the instrument must be removed.

Harry nearly had a heart attack when Sacconi picked up a sharp blade and sliced the top off that Strad with a single dexterous stroke. Having survived this experience, he was ready to learn the legendary secrets of his craft.

Sacconi showed him how the old masters "arched" the backs of their instruments with small planes and gouges, thus sculpturing a thickish slab of maple into curvatures loaded with resonance. He learned the art of sanding the spruce belly to a thinness that would *ping* at the tap of a finger; of carving F-holes (which permit sound waves to escape from the interior of the violin)—a job so ticklish that a tiny slip of the knife can be irreparable.

Toward the end of his apprenticeship he became expert in cutting the ornamental edge of a fiddle ("purfling" it's called) that looks as though it were drawn by a fine pen. Actually, it's a laminated strip of black hardwood embedded in a hairline groove cut along the edges of the violin.

After five years of apprenticeship, Harry received the traditional accolade of his master's approval: he was allowed to paste inside his violins a label bearing the inscription "Made by Harry Stoutenburgh, pupil of Simone Sacconi."

That was 12 years ago. Since then, Harry has made 45 violins, 11 violas and 2 cellos—all of which can proudly lift their voices in any stringed choir.

Stoutenburgh believes that the selection of wood is the most crucial step in making a violin. That's why he roams the Catskill forests in his red shirt and hunting cap looking for a healthy red maple vibrant with curl.

When he finds one that looks just right, he buys it from the owner and chops it down himself. Then he quarters it on the spot, hauls it away and sets it aside to season. No kiln-dried lumber for Harry. He won't touch chisel to wood until nature has aged it from five to ten years.

Harry applies 12 coats of varnish to his instruments. Every coat is rubbed down by hand, after a two-week drying period in a dust-free

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chamber. Like all luthiers, Harry keeps his varnish formula a secret, but admits that it is a combination of rare gums—dragon's blood and gamboge—blended with finest linseed.

While waiting for the varnish to dry on one violin, Harry carves the neck, scroll or fingerboard of another. Thus four or five instruments are kept going at the same time. A year elapses before a violin is ready to be strung and tuned.

How will the finished instrument sound? Raw? Brittle? Flabby? Or will it have those precious tonal qualities that so strangely reach the heart?

It is a tense moment in Harry's life when he draws the bow across the strings to finger a few notes. Even with his playing (which is of the hymn-tune variety) the violin sounds gorgeously full-throated. Sometime later, a professional violinist will drop in to give it a tryout. Then it will leap and lament, in expressing to all who hear it the joy and sadness of life as no other inanimate object can.

No one claims that Harry Stoutenburgh's violins are the equal of the finest Strads. But, according to experts, a good Stoutenburgh compares favorably in tonal quality with the instruments of secondary European masters like Stainer and Vuillaume whose violins are prized by concert artists and higher-paid orchestra musicians.

Harry's violins have the big singing voice that swells as it travels farther from the strings, until the hall vibrates with pure sound. Violinists value this quality, and never expect to find it in an instrument costing less than $3,000.

How did Stoutenburgh come by his ability to make great violins? There's no explaining it, but the facts seem to indicate that this provincial luthier stumbled onto something important when he adapted Catskill maple and spruce to the designs of the old masters. And now that he has done it, the world has begun to listen.

In the next 20 years Harry will probably turn out a hundred more violins; many of them, as his gifts ripen, will be better than any he has yet made. But it isn't likely that Harry will change. He'll still earn the major part of his income by repairing all types of stringed instruments; his varnish will remain a secret; and Catskill farmers will continue to see a man in green suspenders hopefully tapping their maples for the curly makings of a song.

Sharpen Your Word Sense!

(Answers to quiz on page 77)

The passage was taken from Herman Melville's classic, "Moby Dick." Here are the words he chose:

1. sped; 2. neared; 3. breathless; 4. dazzling; 5. sliding; 6. vast; 7. projecting; 8. glistening; 9. milky; 10. musical; 11. playfully; 12. steady; 13. danced; 14. gay; 15. feathering; 16. fitful; 17. shattered; 18. hovering; 19. skimming; 20. canopy.

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IT'S CROUP--

Be Careful!

by RALPH BASS

IN SOME AMERICAN HOME tonight, a father and mother will spring from their beds at a hoarse half-gasp, half-howl from the nursery. This nightmare sound will never fade from their memories. It is the voice of croup.

If the parents are wise they will keep calm, because croup sounds a lot worse than it usually is. But there *can* be very real danger.

This is what doctors say about croup, and what they advise you to do:

The first thing you must know is that an infection has flooded the child's larynx with mucus, partially sealing his windpipe so he can hardly breathe. The terrifying rattle is caused by his tortured lungs struggling to draw air through the blocked passages. You've got to help that air through.

To do so, bring a kettle pouring steam into a tent formed around the child's head with a sheet. This moist air should loosen the mucus and bring relief. If it doesn't, carry him into the bathroom and turn the hot water on full force until the room becomes filled with vapor.

Don't let the child see that you're worried, although you'll probably be petrified. He will be plenty scared himself; and if he sees you're frightened too, he may panic, which will make it even harder for him to breathe.

Above all, don't wait too long before calling the doctor. And if he tells you to get the child to the hospital, do it fast.

Fortunately, most croup cases never reach the hospital stage. And there would be even fewer if parents would observe these simple rules with children below the age of five, the most susceptible period:

In damp weather or during a sudden cold spell, guard your child against chills, especially if he is allergic or has enlarged tonsils or adenoids.

If your child has an attack of croup one night, he may easily get another the next night—and the next. Keep him in the house the day after the first attack and see that he's warm.

Pay particular attention to in-

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Suddenly, it will strike a child—but if you know a few simple rules, tragedy need not occur from this attack

fants who show signs of croup, since doctors suspect that some cases of so-called smothering in pillows or bedclothes are really due to croup.

If you do have to take the child to a hospital, you will probably find the doctors there going into a quick huddle on whether to perform a tracheotomy, or to try other measures first.

A tracheotomy is an operation which opens the windpipe below an obstructing mass, allowing the life-giving air to flow into the lungs once more. It is a delicate procedure and no doctor, however skilled, looks forward to doing it anywhere except in a well-equipped hospital, and then only as a last resort.

One woman pediatrician's determination to get the tracheotomy done in an operating room rather than in a cluttered sickroom caused quite an incident on Long Island recently.

She was rushing a six-year-old to the hospital when her car was caught in heavy traffic. Spotting a big motorcycle policeman at the roadside, she jumped out and asked him to speed her through.

"Against regulations," he replied.

Without a word, the tiny doctor swung from her heels and deftly landed a beautiful right uppercut on the astonished six-footer's jaw.

"Get going!" she demanded sharply.

He did, and the child was saved.

In an effort to avoid a tracheotomy, however, hospitals first try other methods to clear a child's windpipe. Some have "cold steam" rooms which can be filled with moist, cool vapor. Absence of heat is considered an advantage, since high temperatures can add to the child's discomfort.

Another device for producing high humidity without heat is the "Croupette," a portable, cradle-like affair that can simultaneously serve as a medication inhalater. Equipped with a transparent canopy, it allows the nurse or doctor to keep a watchful eye on the patient.

When a child with croup arrives at a hospital, cultures are made from his throat secretions to determine what type of virus or bacteria caused the initial infection that led to the croup. Then appropriate medication is given. With the infection under control, the child's throat can return to normal once the mucus already present is expelled.

Antibiotics, by nipping infections in the bud, have undoubtedly forestalled many cases of croup. For croup is a symptom of a disease rather than a disease in itself.

The most common variety, spas-

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modic or catarrhal croup, is usually preceded by a cold lasting from a day to several weeks. Then, suddenly, it announces its presence with the characteristic choking, wheezing and labored breathing of the "croup cough."

To understand what has happened, one must know something about the organs in the child's upper respiratory tract.

Within the small compass of the child's throat is found, at the bottom, a tube called the trachea, or windpipe, which leads to the larynx, or Adam's apple, nature's soundbox with its projecting membranes known as the vocal cords; there is the glottis, a narrow opening at the upper end of the larynx, and the epiglottis which is the lid structure of the glottis; then, finally, there is the oral pharynx, and the passageways alongside which the tonsils and adenoids are located.

All these organs are very close to each other, and when one is infected the others are quickly involved.

Moreover, besides being close together, the organs are also very small. The child's windpipe, for instance, is slightly more than a quarter of an inch in diameter. It takes no great quantity of mucus to plug the opening. Sometimes he cannot cough it up and soon there are the complications in the lower trachea and lungs that hospitals see during the "croup season" of the late fall, winter and early spring.

Diphtheria, which used to cause a lot of bad croup, has fortunately been pretty much eliminated in this country. In New York City, for example, there were only 23 cases of diphtheria during 1954, and the picture is much the same in most other cities.

Though doctors don't keep tabs on the routine croup they see today, they will tell you there's plenty around. And some of it is dangerous.

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—BETSY ROSS

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FOOD AFTER 40

**As your body needs change,
a scientifically-adjusted diet
will add years to your life**

by BRUCE BLIVEN

IN THE ANIMAL WORLD, the average life span is between seven and nine times the length of the period of pre-adolescence. On that basis, human beings should live an average of a little over 100 years. Yet, even in the most advanced countries, the expectancy of life at birth is today only about 70 years.

We are a long way from knowing why this is so, but we are beginning to learn something about it. A big part of the answer is nutrition: experts in this field believe that if we ate proper foods, in proper amounts, all through our lives, we would live substantially longer and be much healthier than we are now.

In most people, the aging process begins around 40, when definite bodily changes start to take place. It is now believed that most of these are associated with malfunctioning of the chemical processes in the cells of the body, and that many of them result from cellular malnutrition caused by dietary errors.

Laymen usually think of malnutrition as referring primarily to too little food. But as the medical profession uses the word, it also means the wrong kind of food, the wrong proportions of proper food, and even too much food.

The commonest dietary error committed by older people is overeating—with its consequent overweight. This excess poundage appears to be closely associated with the various forms of heart disease, high blood pressure and hardening of the arteries.

Older people need fewer calories than the young. Indeed, some authorities believe that the maximum need of calories ends at about age 25, and thereafter the intake of food should be cut proportionately with the individual's work schedule and energy output. The basal metabolism rate, which records the transfer of calories into energy in the body, goes down with age; and it is practically the only important bodily characteristic that does.

Aside from overeating, the dietary mistakes usually made by

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those after 40 are four in number.

1. Older people ought to eat a larger proportion of the important nutrient, protein—the fundamental substance of all living tissues—than they do. Protein, unlike most other substances, is not stored in the body but must be supplied every day.

The main reasons that older people do not get enough of it are because some of the foods containing protein cost more; and because some of them are hard to chew, especially if the teeth are bad or have been lost and not replaced.

The best sources of protein are milk, meat, eggs, fish, poultry, cheese, beans and nuts.

2. Most older people don't get enough calcium, needed particularly to keep the bones strong.

Calcium is found in milk, cheese, beans, almonds, and greens such as kale, broccoli, turnip tops and mustard greens.

3. Older people must be particularly careful to get the normal amount of iron in their diet in order to keep up the red cells in their blood. Lack of iron produces many cases of unsuspected anemia, causing fatigability (they become easily tired), and lowered resistance to disease.

Foods rich in iron are meat, molasses, liver, egg yolk, whole-grain or enriched bread and cereals, beans, leafy green vegetables, dried apricots, prunes, raisins and dates.

4. Older people also must be careful to consume the same amount of vitamins that they required when they were taking in more calories. Some doctors may recommend that their older patients supplement natural sources of the different vitamins by taking one or two multiple-vitamin pills daily.

THE H. J. HEINZ COMPANY of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, is testing a special series of "Senior Foods." These are high in protein, low in fats and starches, especially enriched with vitamins and minerals, and are salt-free. Many doctors now advise older people to use little salt, since it helps to retain extra water in the tissues and may put a needless burden on the heart.

While the medical profession is not yet unanimous on this point, certain types of foods are being studied for their possible contribution to the shocking mortality from heart disease associated with hardening of the arteries, the greatest killer of the day, especially during and after the middle years. Though the statistics are unreliable, natives living in tropical jungles who eat little of these foods seem to have a low ratio of heart disease. So do the vegetarian people of Asia. This was also true of Europeans during and just after World Wars I and II, when rich foods were severely restricted.

Doctors may therefore suggest that older people abstain from whole milk or any of its products, such as cream and butter (skim milk contains just as much protein, vitamins, calcium and other minerals); from egg yolks and organ meats such as kidneys; and go very lightly on all types of fat meat.

Mrs. Vera W. Walker of the American Dietetic Association makes the following suggestions as

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to the quantities of protective foods that should be taken by older people.

1. Two eight ounce glasses of milk every day. 2. Two servings a day from among lean meat, fish, poultry, cheese. 3. An egg daily; not less than four eggs a week (unless the doctor advises against it). 4. A green or yellow vegetable at least once a day. 5. Citrus fruit or tomatoes daily. 6. At least one additional fruit every day. 7. Potato and another vegetable every day. 8. Dried fruits frequently. 9. Enriched or whole-grain products at every meal. 10. Some butter every day, if the doctor permits; if he doesn't, vitamin-enriched oleomargarine.

Doctors point out that common ailments among older people are what they call "bachelor's scurvy" and "widow's anemia." People living alone, they explain, often fall into bad dietary habits because it is too much trouble to get a variety of foods and prepare them properly.

In cooking food for older people, frying should be kept to a minimum. Meat should be cooked thoroughly, and eggs and cheese should be cooked slowly. Nothing should be overcooked. Fresh vegetables should be washed but not soaked, and cooked in a minimum amount of water. This water should be saved and used in soups and sauces, since it contains some of the precious vitamins. Soda should never be used to enhance the color of green vegetables. Frozen vegetables should be cooked with a cover on the pot, or according to package directions.

Older people need at least six glasses of water a day, though this may be in the form of tea or coffee (in moderation), fruit or vegetable juice, or carbonated beverages that are not too high in sugar content.

Some doctors recommend a small amount of alcohol daily for people with hardening of the arteries. They are less sure now that it has any therapeutic value, though they still are not opposed to it. However, use of alcohol by these people should be determined by a physician.

Older people, and especially those who must reduce and (equally important) stay reduced, may find it advisable to eat four or five small meals a day, rather than three large ones. A snack of a little fruit and a small glass of skim milk, in midmorning or late afternoon, helps to control appetite while adding little to the calorie intake.

Doctors with older patients know that it is often hard to persuade them to eat properly, especially if this requires a change in habits which became fixed before much was known about nutrition. Both the patient and doctor must learn to bear with each other.

Some of the degenerative conditions which are believed to be caused by bad diet cannot be cured. Others can be corrected, in whole or in great part; but just as it took a long time for these conditions to appear, so it will take a long time for them to be ameliorated.

Whether he is under a doctor's care or not, the older person who will stick to an intelligent diet over a reasonable length of time will eventually reap ample rewards in the form of improved health and vigor in his sunset years.

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Mystery Voice of the Jungle

by Reed Millard

Again and again came the terrible cry until the agitated wife of an engineer, newly assigned to Panama, could stand it no longer. Frantically, she called the police.

"There's a woman screaming," she said excitedly. "She's being beaten . . . It's . . . it's . . . awful . . ."

The officer listened patiently, then told her something that made her hang up in angry disbelief.

Her reactions were those of thousands of others who, over a period of four centuries, had been horrified and puzzled by this mystery voice of the jungle.

Spanish explorers on the islands of the Spanish Main and in South and Central America were the first white men to hear the frightful sound. When they asked the natives what made it, they were met with shrugs. Upon hearing the unearthly cry, the natives would cross themselves and mutter "*alma perdida*"—lost soul.

Through the years, scientists and amateur naturalists tried to solve the mystery. One of these was Dr. Frank Chapman, an American ornithologist and explorer. "I have never heard such a human sound from a brute before," he said. "It made the goose flesh rise all over me . . . one thinks of it as a woman's voice, a deep, mellow contralto, calling in hopeless grief."

In 1893, in Trinidad with another naturalist, Albert Carr, he began a systematic search. Night after night the two stayed in the forest, baffled by the sound. Then one morning, Dr. Chapman heard the eerie wail startlingly close. He found himself looking straight at the creature that was making it—no strange beast, no lost soul, but a bird, a gray-feathered relative of our own whip-poorwill.

Later, others confirmed his discovery, and science accepted it as fact that this mournful cry was that of *nyctibius griseus*, today often called "the Poor-me-One."

Even knowing what makes it, few who hear this sorrowful lament can quite believe that it is actually the cry of a bird. To this day, many natives remain unconvinced. When they hear this wail of desolation, they still whisper "*alma perdida.*"

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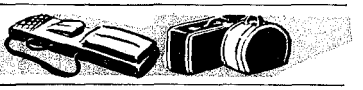

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(Sch. & Inst. continued on next page)

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PSYCHIATRIST: A man who, when a pretty girl enters the room, watches everybody else. —CHARLOTTE ROSS

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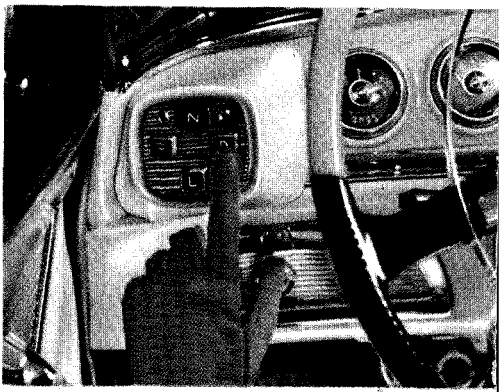
NEWS!...

FROM THE *FORWARD* LOOK '56



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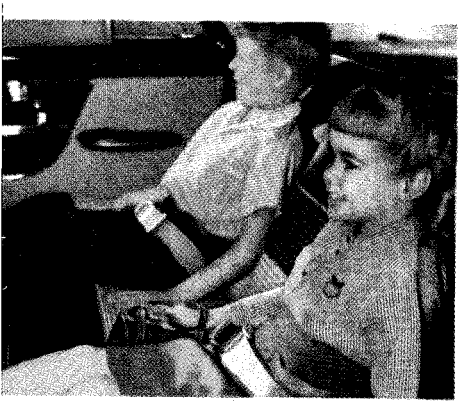

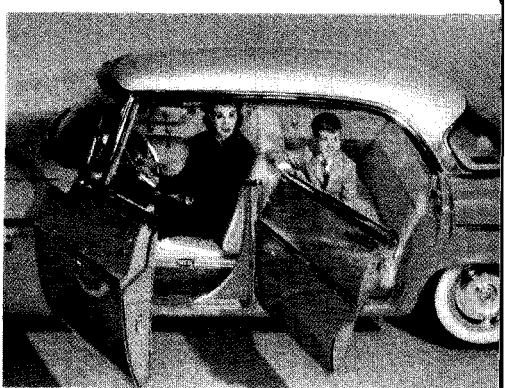

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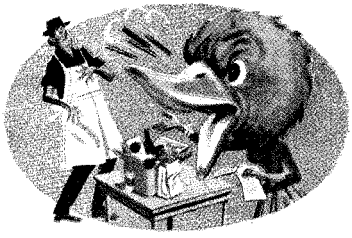

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